
THE
MONTHLY VISITOR.

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SKETCH
OF THE
CHARACTER OF GENERAL SUWARROW.

VENI, VIDI, VICI.

WITH the philosopher and the politician, the Russian empire has, in the course of the present century, become the object of admiration. The extent of its dimensions, the variety of its soil, and its immense population, have drawn the eye of curiosity towards it with a more than ordinary intenseness. But these circumstances alone will not serve to aggrandize a nation. The complexion of the inhabitants is to be taken into consideration, and that class of characters is to be drawn forth beneath our review, who by their talents or virtues have excited universal approbation.

GENERAL SUWARROW, it must be confessed, has roused the attention of Europe, and his history is a subject of general enquiry. The warrior is *well known*; his enterprizes against the Turks, against the Poles, and recently against the French, in Italy, are fresh in the memory of all. His victories are so interwoven with the rise and progress of the wars in which he has successively engaged, that even a detail of them could not be easily comprised within the limits usually assigned to this department of our miscellany.

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But though we presume not at present to enter into a detail of his martial exploits, yet we are able to gratify the reader with an account of him, which we have received from a gentleman of distinction in the republic of letters, who resided in Russia for a series of years, and who personally knew the celebrated officer, a short sketch of whose character we are now presenting to the public.

General SUWARROW has reached the *seventy-second* year of his age, an extraordinary circumstance, when we recollect the hard service which he has repeatedly experienced, and the exertions which he has recently made for the conquest of the French in Italy. In this respect, a considerable difference obtains between him and Buonoparte, who, notwithstanding his numerous engagements, is still in the prime of life. The fame of both is great, though in the time of acquiring it no similarity exists. Suwarrow is hoary headed, nor with the infirmities of advanced years can he be wholly unacquainted.

From a boy he was always brought up in the army, and uniformly discovered a *fervent passion for a military life*. Various anecdotes are told of him in Russia, which shew the extent of his predilection.

—To seek the bubble reputation,
Even in the cannon's mouth,

was the great and early object of his ambition. Hence it is not to be wondered that such a character should afterwards have so eminently distinguished himself in his profession.

Strength of mind is another quality for which SUWARROW has been celebrated. Intimidated by no danger, nor turned aside by any obstacle, he proceeds straight forwards to the accomplishment of his ends. Intent on the scheme which he adopts, he pursues steadily the means which, in his opinion, are the most likely to ensure success. Perseverance, in the utmost extent of the word, may be said, in every enterprise, to have

have taken possession of his mind. In this respect he strongly resembles Charles XII. whose intrepidity rose to such an height, that it excited a suspicion of insanity. Suwarrow, however, has not been accused of proceeding to such lengths, though his bravery, on many occasions, has excited no small degree of astonishment.

With a reference to the intrepidity of this brave general, the ingenious Mr. Tooke, in his *Life of the Empress Catharine II.* remarks, speaking of the wars between the Russians and Turks, "SUVAROFF," for this is his real name, "beat the Turks completely at Fakhani, then hearing that the Austrian army, commanded by the Prince of Saxe-Cobourg, was pressed hard by that of the Grand Vizir, he put himself at the head of 8,000 Russians, and ran to assist the Austrians. The latter, to the number of 30,000, were already flying before the Turks, who had attacked them with an army of 100,000 men. The intrepid SUVAROFF came up and changed the whole fortune of arms, "My friends," cried he to his soldiers, "never look at the eyes of your enemies. Fix your view at their breasts; it is *there* that you must thrust your bayonets." At that instant falling on the Turks, they were routed with a horrible carnage, and he remained master of the field of battle. This victory, gained near the river Rinniskus, procured SUVAROFF the surname of Rinnisky, and the double title of Count of the Holy Roman Empire, and of the Russian Empire." This anecdote, alone, sufficiently shews the boldness, the perseverance, and the undaunted intrepidity of which this wonderful man is possessed.

Simplicity of manners also is to be reckoned among the other ingredients which make up this singular character. He affects no pomp—he studies no parade. Perhaps he carries this trait to a degree bordering on affectation. When he visits his friends, he has been known to have refused a bed, and to have reclined, during the night, on a carpet, in the corner of the room

where he has spent the day. One time when the Empress Catharine, pleased with some of his recent exploits, asked him in what way she should shew her regard for him; he replied, with great simplicity, that he only wanted means of paying for his lodgings, which, it seems, amounted to no more than a few shillings! And another circumstance of a similar kind occurred during his campaign in Italy. He is partial, after the usual manner of the Russians, to a vapour bath, and while thus engaged one morning, an alarm of the approach of the enemy resounded through the camp. He instantly threw on part of his clothes, mounted his horse without coat and waistcoat, rode through the ranks, inspired the troops, and led them on to victory. Careless of the manner in which he was arrayed, he was intent only on the defeat of the foe, which he abundantly accomplished.

SUWARROW, we are likewise assured, by Mr. Tooke, is as singular for the brevity of his style as for the rapidity of his conquests. Upon the taking possession of Tutukay, in Bulgaria, he wrote to the Empress no more than four lines of Russ poetry, which signify—"Glory to God! Praises to Catharine! Tutukay is taken! SUVAROFF is in it!" Greater brevity could not have been displayed; and surely the reader cannot with propriety charge this communication with a want of expression.

With SUWARROW also, a *carelessness of his person* is a concomitant of his simplicity of manners. In the military profession, neatness of appearance is incessantly inculcated. The propriety of such a measure is unquestionable. It not only refreshes the mind and invigorates the body, but impresses the spectator with respectability. This great man, however, is not over-nice in his dress. He will often wear his linen till it becomes unpleasant to him. Of the *beau* he entertains no idea, and the *petit-maitre* he holds in just abhorrence. But he is not
merely

merely not studious of dress, he is even grossly negligent of exterior embellishments. Whatever reasons may be assigned for this inattention, the reality cannot be questioned. Whether he deems it unnecessary, or whether his mind be bent on higher objects, such is the fact. A curious instance of this kind has been adduced, and is to be found in a work of authenticity—*The Life of the Empress of Russia*, by Mr. Tooke already mentioned: he tells us that this extraordinary officer “has been seen, sometimes, to take off his shirt among the Kozacks, bidding them to hold it to the fire, saying, that it was the best way of killing vermin!” The writer who mentions this anecdote, at the same time observes, that it is strange that to *such* a person, on a certain victory, the Empress should have given, not only a magnificent gold hilted sword, richly set with diamonds, but a gorgeous plume of brilliants to wear in his hat. But it must be remembered that on this occasion “Estates, *lots of peasants*, and sums of money, were distributed to the other commanders; gold hilted swords were showered on the other officers, down to the rank of lieutenant-colonel and major; the widow of an artillery colonel, who was slain in the attack, was with her children consoled with a good estate; promotion was extended to officers of a lower order, and even the non-commissioned subalterns and common soldiers, who had entered Otchakoff, were ornamented with silver medals.” The profusion of these gifts accounts for their having bestowed on SUWAKROW a species of distinction in which he took so little delight. But it was not for him to dictate to his sovereign what kind of honours should be conferred upon him. He was to consider the favour in which these marks of complacency originated—to deem his efforts thus amply rewarded, and to regard them as still further incitements to increasing activity and glory!

The particular mode which this general adopts for conciliating the affection of his soldiers, is another trait by which his conduct stands characterised. His know-

ledge of human nature shews him the necessity of *accommodating himself to the dispositions and even humours* of those persons with whom he is more immediately concerned. His simplicity of manners preserves him from cherishing a sullen reserve towards any individuals. In private life it seems he is of a humorous turn, and to entertain his friends has not unfrequently exercised himself in feats of agility. Jumping over chairs, and throwing his limbs into every possible form, is one of his favourite amusements. The same familiar temper he manifests towards his soldiers, and this circumstance has wonderfully cemented their attachment to him. Nor let it be supposed that this species of deportment is destructive of that authority which is indispensably necessary for the preservation of order among the soldiery. For the supreme authority which in Russia a commander possesses, even over the life of his men, secures them from taking any unwarrantable liberties with the officers to whose care they are committed. A general *there* has it in his power at any time to send for the head of any one of his men, without assigning any reason for so barbarous an action. This summary mode of punishment keeps the soldiers in awe of their superiors, and leads them to behave towards them, on every occasion, with the greatest respect and propriety.

The last trait in the character of this singular hero, which we shall mention, is his religious bigotry and superstition. Enthusiasm, it has been remarked, is the infirmity of weak minds, and superstition the infirmity of strong minds. Who was more superstitious than the great Johnson? What more convincing proof of it can be given than that of his being disturbed because he put milk into his tea on *Good Friday*? SUWARROW, we are assured, gives himself up to all the trivial superstitions of the Greek or Russian church. Bowing to the cross, spitting at the name of the devil, &c. he observes with the most devout scrupulosity. The Greek church abounds in these strange observances, and inculcates them on its votaries by the most solemn injunctions.

Whether

Whether this eccentric general is convinced of their utility to himself, or adopts them to secure and extend his influence over vulgar minds, we are unable to say. But it is a fact, that he regards these minutiae with an unceasing attention. He has been often seen in the busy observance of these ritual parts of his religion, and even prides himself on his scrupulous attention to them. In his army he has found this conduct of great service to him—it has endeared him to his men, who are greatly attached to these ceremonies, and who on this account entertain an high opinion of his sanctity.

This superstitious turn of mind has been mentioned as an extenuation of his conduct in the massacre of Ismael—the suburbs of Prague, where 20,000 of the poor Poles were put to death in cold blood! They had arisen under the celebrated Kosciusko, but had been overpowered by numbers. To butcher them in this horrible manner was an *execrable deed*, and will ever be beheld in this light by posterity. But it has been insinuated that SUWARROW and his men thought they were doing God service by the extirpation of persons who were not within the pale of their own church. If it be so, it shews, in a strong light, the sad effects of a false religion. It demonstrates the indisputable utility of forming just opinions of the character of the Deity, who delights not in blood and cruelty. It points out the indispensable necessity of inculcating the love of human kind—recollecting that we are one great family, by whom mutual affection should at all times and on all occasions be indulged. Such lessons are taught by *pure* Christianity and the diffusion of *such* a religion would contribute to the happiness and dignity of the human race.

We conclude this sketch by observing, that it appears from these anecdotes (on the authenticity of which the reader may depend) that General SUWARROW is one of the most extraordinary characters of modern times. In his composition are united qualities of the most contradictory

tradiçtory kind. He is a phænomenon, the solution of which affords to the philosopher and politician equal perplexity.

With respect to his recent successes in Italy against the French—it may be observed, that he has acquitted himself with singular courage and ability. His intrepidity and alertness have, at no juncture, forsaken him. The occasion demanded, and has received from him the most strenuous exertion. He has turned the tide of success against an enemy who were intent on the conquest of the world. It was high time that their career should be checked, and that they should feel that they were not invincible. They will, henceforth, demean themselves with less insolence, or rather with greater modesty. They will learn the necessity of keeping more within certain boundaries, and of revering the rights and happiness of the other nations of the earth.

We presume not to estimate the precise degree of merit due to this renowned general, during his campaign in Italy. Some are of opinion that his success is to be ascribed more to the superiority of his numbers than to the skill of his evolutions. Others also contend that the Archduke Charles had, previous to his coming amongst them, done much towards a favourable change of affairs. He is, therefore, considered as one who has entered into another man's labours. Be this as it may, certain it is, that the victories of General SUWARROW have been highly serviceable to the cause of the allied powers. And should his repeated defeats of the French facilitate the arrival of peace, every benevolent individual will have abundant reason to rejoice in the advantages which he has obtained. Europe has been, for some years past, drenched with blood. The angry passions of men have been permitted, by the Supreme Being, to rise and swell, and inundate all around them. Fire and devastation have been carried into the most polite and civilized parts of the globe. It is time, therefore, that tranquillity should be restored—that the arts of
peace

peace should be cultivated, and that men should be once more united in the bands of friendship and of amity. May this period speedily arrive—then the prince and the peasant will join together in promoting those measures which best ensure the substantial and permanent felicity of mankind.

THE REFLECTOR.

[No. XXX.]

THOMSON'S CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

The castle hight of indolence,
And its false luxury,
Where for a *little* time, alas!
We liv'd right jollily.

THOMSON.

HAVING already investigated the merits of the *Seasons*, and of the poem termed *Liberty*, both by the immortal Thomson, we proceed to the consideration of his *Castle of Indolence*, a piece of exquisite merit. Many of its stanzas cannot be sufficiently admired, and it abounds with lessons of utility to the rising generation. We bring it forward, therefore, with pleasure; nor can it be unprofitable to attentive readers of any description.

It is remarkable that this was the last poem Thomson ever published. Dr. Johnson observes, that it "was many years under his hand, but was at last finished with great accuracy." This circumstance will lead us to pay a particular attention to its construction and tendency. Indeed every production of this inimitable poet demands our regard; and in proportion to our sensibility will be the pleasure which we shall receive from his writings. This is a position which cannot be questioned, and the more we read his pieces the more shall we be convinced of its truth and propriety.

The

The poem consists of two *cantos*, and is written after the manner of Spenser. Consequently many obsolete expressions are introduced, for the explanation of which a short glossary is prefixed. For this peculiarity the following apology was thought necessary to be given in the advertisement. "This poem being writ in the manner of Spenser, the obsolete words, and a simplicity of diction in some of the lines which borders on the ludicrous, were necessary to make the imitation more perfect, and the style of that admirable poet, as well as the measure in which he wrote, are, as it were, appropriated by custom to all allegorical poems written in our language, just as in the French the style of Marot, who lived under Francis I. has been used in tales and familiar epistles by the politest writers of the age of Louis XIV."

The first Canto delineates the Castle of Indolence with peculiar accuracy and beauty. The lazy languors of indolence are happily depicted, with which we understand Thomson was not wholly unacquainted. Every circumstance is specified which can debilitate the human powers, and which is indicative of a want of exertion. The various incidents are ingeniously contrived, and the whole plan is the result of a delicate taste combined with a more than ordinary sagacity. Let the reader, however, form his own judgment.

The introductory stanza depicts, forcibly, the advantages of industry :

O mortal man ! who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this, thy hard estate,
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date,
And certes there is for it reason great ;
For tho' sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge, and late,
Withouten that, would come an heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale!

The

The Castle of Indolence is thus happily delineated :

The landscape such, inspiring perfect ease,
Where **INDOLENCE** (for so the wizard wight)
Close hid his castle 'mid embowering trees,
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of checquered day and night ;
Meanwhile unceasing at the massy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was plac'd, and to his lute of cruel fate
And *labour harsh* complain'd, lamenting man's estate.

The *Porter of this Castle* is very humorously imagined, and cannot be read without a smile :

Wak'd by the crowd, slow from his bench arose,
A comely full-spread porter, swoln with sleep,
His *calm broad thoughtless aspect* breath'd repose,
And in sweet torpor he was plunged deep,
Nor could himself from ceaseless yawning keep,
While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran
Thro' which his half-wak'd soul would faintly peep ;
Then taking the black staff he call'd his man,
And rous'd himself, as much as rouse himself he can.

The lad leap'd lightly at his master's call,
He was, to weet, a little roguish page,
Save sleep and play, who minded nought at all,
Like most the untaught striplings of his age.
This boy he kept, each band to disengage,
Garters and buckles, task for him unfit,
But ill becoming his grave personage,
And which his portly paunch would not permit ;
So this same limber page to all performed it.

Meantime the master porter wide displayed
Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns,
Wherewith he those, that enter'd in, array'd,
Loose as the breeze that plays along the downs,
And waves the summer woods when evening frowns.
O fair undress ! blest dress ! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
And heightens ease with grace.—This done, right fain
Sir Porter sat him down, and turn'd to sleep again.

By

By no poet has the yawning listlessness of Indolence been more ably pourtrayed. Described with so much felicity, it presents a vivid image to the fancy, and generates a forcible impression on the heart.

Among the curious modes of entertaining the inhabitants of the Castle, the music of the *Æolian Harp* is specified: we thus find it described with great delicacy:

A certain music, never known before,
Here lull'd the pensive melancholy mind,
Full easily obtain'd. Behoves no more
But sidelong to the gently-waving wind
To lay the well-tun'd instrument reclin'd,
From which, with airy-flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refin'd,
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight;
Whence with just cause the harp of *Æolus* it hight.

Ah! me! what hand can touch the string so fine?
Who up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul?
Now rising love they fann'd, now pleasing dole
They breath'd in tender musings thro' the heart;
And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands an hymn impart;
Wild-warbling nature all above the reach of art!

We cannot wonder at the exquisite delicacy of this delineation of the *Æolian Harp*, when we recollect that Thomson used often to retire to Norwood and regale himself, even all night long, with the soothing strains of this far-fam'd instrument! Such music accorded with the refin'd sensibility of his nature which breathes throughout the whole of his writings.

We must not quit this first canto without noticing an ingenious device mentioned by the poet, and with the contemplation of which the sons of Indolence were highly delighted; it stands thus recorded:

One great amusement of our household was,
 In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,
 Still as you turn'd it, all things that do pass
 Upon this ant-hill earth, where constantly
 Of idly-busy men the restless fry
 Run bustling to and fro, with foolish haste,
 In search of pleasures vain that from them fly,
 Or, which obtain'd, the caitiffs dare not taste;
 When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater waste?

Of vanity the mirror, this was call'd;
 Here you a muck-worm of the town might see
 At his dull desk, amid his ledgers stall'd,
 Ate up with carking care and penury,
 Most like to carcase parch'd on gallow tree,
 "A penny saved is a penny got;"
 Firm to this scoundrel maxim keepeth he,
 Nor of its rigour will he bate a jot,

Till it has quench'd his fire and banished his pot.
 This globe pourtray'd the race of learned men,
 Still at their books, and turning o'er the page
 Backwards and forwards—oft they snatch'd the pen,
 As if inspir'd, and in a Thespian rage,
 Then write and blot, as would your ruth engage.
 Why, authors! all this scrawl and scribbling fore?
 To lose the present, gain the future age;
 Praised to be when you can hear no more,
 And much enrich'd with fame—when useless worldly
 store?"

Other characters are here exhibited by the poet with equal grace and simplicity, and the canto concludes with a terrible list of the diseases to which the sons of Indolence are subjected. The mind and body become debilitated, and their pains are only cured by their dissolution!

The *Second Canto* of this charming poem enumerates, in all the glowing colours of a rich and variegated fancy, the advantages of industry, and we recommend strongly the perusal of it to the *rising generation*.

In the following stanza the *author of the Seasons* beams forth with renovated lustre.

" I care not fortune ! what you me deny,
 You cannot rob me of free nature's grace ;
 You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
 Thro' which Aurora shews her brightening face,
 You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
 The woods and lawns, by living stream at eve ;
 Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
 And I their toys to the *great children* leave ;
 Of fancy, reason, virtue, nought can me bereave."

The poet then proceeds to the personification of *Industry*, with a reference to Great Britain. The lines are peculiarly beautiful and expressive, but our limits forbid the transcription of them.

We close this paper by introducing three stanzas, the sentiments of which cannot be too strongly inculcated on the minds of our young readers.

" It was not by vile loitering in ease,
 That Greece obtain'd the brighter palm of art ;
 That soft, yet ardent Athens, learn'd to please,
 To keen the wit and to sublime the heart,
 In all supreme, complete in every part ;
 It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
 And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart ;
 For sluggards' brow the laurel never grows,
 Renown is not the child of indolent repose.

Had unambitious mortals minded nought,
 But in loose joy their time to wear away ;
 Had they alone the lap of dalliance sought,
 Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
 Rude nature's state had been our state to day.
 No cities e'er their towery fronts had rais'd,
 No arts had made us opulent and gay,
 With brother brutes the human race had graz'd,
 None ere had soar'd to fame, none honour'd been, none
 prais'd.

Would you then learn to dissipate the band
 Of these huge, threatening, difficulties dire,
 That in the weak man's way like lions stand,
 His soul appal, and damp his rising fire ?

RESOLVE, RESOLVE, and to be MEN aspire.

... J. J. Exact

Exert that noblest privilege alone,
 Here to mankind indulged—CONTR'OL desire,
 Let godlike REASON, from her sovereign throne,
 Speak the commanding word—I WILL, and IT IS
 DONE!"

Upon this beautiful poem, the *Castle of Indolence*, any additional encomiums, after such copious extracts, will be unnecessary. To the reader of sensibility this emanation of Thomson's genius will be always acceptable, and will be ever perused with increasing satisfaction.

GOSSIPIANA.

[No. XXXII.]

MR. DUNDAS

RIDING from his hunting seat, in Strathern, to visit the Duke of Athol, at Blair, stopped at the inn. Accosting Miss M'Laren with his usual gallantry, and bestowing high and just praises on her beauty, he said "he was surprised that so fine a girl had not got a husband." "Sir," replied she, "my marriage depends on you." "On me, how so?" "There is," she answered, "a young gentleman to whom I am under promise of marriage, as soon as circumstances will permit. He has been in the shipping service of the East India Company, and wishes to procure a settlement in Bengal, as an intimate friend of his, Mr. Dick, married to my eldest sister, is one of the principal surgeons in Calcutta, and would have it in his power very effectually to serve him in his business." Mr. Dundas having, on enquiry, found that Mr. M'Noble (the gentleman in question) was a man of merit and professional skill, on his return to London sent him permission to go to India. The marriage was concluded—soon after they sailed, and are now established at Patna.

DR. GALE,

WHO died Dean of York, 1702, was a man of great erudition, and published several valuable works. He was the author of the inscriptions on the monument, for which he was rewarded with a piece of plate, by the corporation of London. That part of the inscription which ascribes the fire to the papists, has long ago been found to be false, and therefore ought not to have been thus perpetuated. To this falsity Pope alludes in these curious lines—

Where London's lofty column to the skies,
Like a tall bully lifts its head and *lies*!

EXTENDED EMPIRE.

Extended empire, like expanded gold,
Exchanges solid strength for feeble splendor."

- LORD ORFORD

SAYS, in his posthumous works, that the infatuation of a nation for a *foolish* minister, is like that of a lover for an *ugly* woman, when once he opens his eyes he wonders what the d—l has bewitched him!"

DR. YOUNG, AUTHOR OF THE NIGHT THOUGHTS.

THE Doctor walking in the garden at Welwyn (of which he was rector) in company with two ladies, one of whom was Lady Elizabeth Lee, to whom he was afterwards married, a servant came to tell him a gentleman wished to speak with him. "Tell him," says Young, "I am too happily engaged to change my situation." The ladies insisted upon it he should go, as his visitor was a man of rank, his patron and his friend. As persuasion had no effect, one took him by the right arm, the other by the left, and led him to the garden gate, when finding resistance was in vain, he bowed, laid his hand upon his heart, and in a most expressive manner spoke the following lines:

Thus

Thus Adam look'd, when from the garden driven,
 And thus disputed orders sent from heaven;
 Like him I go, and yet to go am loth;
 Like him I go, for angels drove us both;
 Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind,
 His *Eve* went *with him*—but *MINE* stays *behind*.

THE KIRMOND CRIPPLE.

THOMAS Roberts was born of indigent parents at Kirmond, in the county of Lincoln, where he died the 16th of May, 1798, aged 85. This extraordinary person was, if we may so term it, a *lusus naturæ*; he was perfect to his elbows and knees, but without either arms or legs; above one of his elbows was a short bony substance, like the joint of a thumb, which had some muscular motion, and was of considerable use to him. Nature compensated for his want of limbs by giving him a strong understanding and good bodily health and spirits. When Sir George Barlow, the last baronet of that ancient family, rented of Edmund Turner, Esq. the manor and lordship of Kirmond, he kept a pack of hare hounds. Thomas Roberts was his huntsman for many years, and used to ride down the hills, which are remarkably steep, with singular courage and dexterity. His turn for horses was so great, that on leaving Sir George Barlow's service, he became a farrier of considerable reputation, and indulging in his propensity to liquor, seldom came home sober from the neighbouring markets. He, however, required no other assistance from the parish than an habitation, and the keep of a horse and a cow. What is, perhaps more remarkable, he married three wives. By the first, who was an elderly woman, he had no children; but by the second he left two sons, now in good situations as farmers servants, who attended the funeral of their father, and buried him in a decent manner.

WAR.

SOAME Jenyns, Esq. has shrewdly remarked, If *Christian nations*, were *nations of Christians*, all wars would be impossible and unknown among them!

ANECDOTE OF HANDEL, THE FAMOUS MUSICIAN, BY DR. BURNEY.

HIS government of fingers was despotic, for upon *Cuzzoni* insolently refusing to sing his admirable air, *Falsa Imagine*, in *Otho*, he told her that he knew she was a *very devil*, but that he should now let *her* know, in her turn, that he was *Belzebub*, the *prince of devils*. And then taking her up by the waist, swore if she did not immediately obey his orders, he would throw her out of the window.

CANTERBURY TALES

WAS the title of Chaucer's great work, written 1383, and their plan being curious shall be here detailed. Chaucer pretends that intending to pay his devotions to the shrine of Thomas a Becker, he set up his horse at the Talbot Inn, in Southwark; that he found in the inn a number of pilgrims, who severally proposed the same journey, and that they all agreed to sup together, and to set out the next morning on the same party. The supper being finished, the landlord, who is described as a fellow of sense and drollery, makes a proposal to them, that in order to divert them on their journey, each of them should be obliged to tell two stories, *one* going, the *other* coming back; and that whoever in the judgment of the company should succeed best in the art of tale-telling, by way of recompence at their return to his inn, should be entitled to a supper at the common cost, which proposal assented to, he promises to be their governor and guide. At the entrance of the poem the characters of all the pilgrims are distinctly drawn, and a plan of the comedy, in which they stand for the *dramatis personæ*.

force. Besides this, every tale has its prologue, and a kind of epilogue too, which serves by way of translation to the next, and to the honour of our author be it spoken, so far as his plan is executed (for it is not completed) every part of it is performed with equal justice and spirit, and, in particular, the character of the host, who may be said to answer the same purpose as the chorus in the ancient drama, is most admirably kept up, and the same wit, spirit, and humour is preserved through the whole journey, that strikes the reader so much at the beginning, where this incomparable character is drawn at length.

As to the point of characterising, in which Chaucer was most singularly happy, you can name (says Mr. Ogle) no author, even of antiquity, whether in the comic or in the satyric way equal, at least superior to him. And it was not, the same writer afterwards adds, to the distinguishing of character from character, that the excellence of Chaucer was confined; he was equally master of introducing them properly on the stage, and after having introduced them, of supporting them agreeably to the part they were formed to personate. In this he claims equal honour with the best comedians; there is no admirer of Plautus, Terence, or Aristophanes, that will pretend to say Chaucer has not equally, through his Canterbury Tales, supported his characters.

All Chaucers characters, and many of his tales, have been modernised by Mr. Dryden, Mr. Pope, Mr. Betterton, Mr. Ogle, and others, and collected together and published by Mr. Ogle in three volumes, octavo.

DRYDEN'S CHARACTER OF THE CANTERBURY TALES.

CHAUCER must have been a man of a most wonderful comprehensive nature, because, as it has been truly observed of him, he has taken into the compass of his Canterbury Tales, the various manners and humours,

as

as we now call them, of the whole English nation in his eye. Not a single character has escaped him. All his pilgrims are severally distinguished from each other, and not only in their inclinations, but in their physiognomies and persons. Baptista Porta could not have described their natures better, than by the marks which the poet gives them. The matter and manner of their tales, and of their telling, are so suited to their different educations, humours, and callings, that each of them would be improper in any other mouth. Even the grave and serious characters are distinguished by their several sorts of gravity, their discourses are such as belong to their age, their calling, and their breeding; such as are becoming of them and of them only. Even the ribaldry of the low characters is different, the Reeve, the Miller, and the Cook, are several men, and distinguished from each other as much as the mincing Lady Priores, and the broad speaking gap-tooth'd Wife of Bath. But enough of this: there is such a variety of game springing up before me, that I am distracted in my choice, and know not which to follow. It is sufficient to say, according to the proverb, that *here is God's plenty*. We have our forefathers and great grand dames all before us as they were in Chaucer's days; their general characters are still remaining in mankind, and even in England; though they are called by other names than those of monks and friars, of canons and lady abbesses and nuns, for mankind is ever the same, and nothing is lost out of nature though every thing is altered.

THE
INJURY OF INTEMPERATE JUDGMENT,
 ILLUSTRATED IN
 THE CHARACTER OF EPICURUS.

MR. EDITOR,

THAT mankind are caught by sounds rather than by their judgment, is a melancholy truth, which the experience of every age uniformly illustrates. A cur has no sooner been branded with the hydrophobia, than the heedless multitude unite to pursue it with staves and pitchforks, nor think of enquiring whether it were mad or not, till they have worried it to death. For this reason numberless illustrious characters have struggled through life under a load of obloquy, which might almost justify posterity in declining to meddle with established errors, and their ashes were slumbering in the dust before their contemporaries gave themselves time to examine whether they were entitled to applause or to infamy; in short, no sooner does a bright star of genius aberrate from the stated round of popular prejudice, or seem but to trench upon the accepted notions which darkness and ignorance have implanted in the public mind, than the war-whoop of alarm is resounded. Persecution marshals all its mercenaries from the tale of slander to the gibbet and the stake; the innovation is pronounced damnable, and the herd believe it.

I have been led to these reflections from lately perusing some observations on the character of Epicurus—A man, who, if we are to believe the chit chat, (and indeed the writers) of the day was a mere beast, fattening in the sty of sensuality—devoted to every species of gross intemperance and disgusting indulgence; but that he by no means merits this disgraceful reputation, may, I think, easily be shewn. I shall say nothing of his ideas

of the origin of all things, because in the remote age in which he flourished, any error of this kind almost was pardonable, and the aspersions which have been cast upon his character, are grounded not upon his physics but upon his ethics. And here I must be allowed to say that he is reprobated not because he deserved it, but because his slanderers were too passionate, too bigotted, too much men to enquire what it was *indeed* that the philosopher taught. His grand fundamental position it is true, is that *pleasure* is the chief good of man. A position at any *rate* fully licentious enough! you will say. Softly friend! let us hear what the culprit has to say for himself: His prominent maxims are—1. That all pleasure, which has no *pain* connected with it, is to be pursued. 2. All pain, which has no *pleasure* resulting from it, is to be avoided. 3. All pleasure which supercedes or prevents a greater pleasure, or ensures a greater pain, is to be deprecated. 4. All pain which anticipates a greater pain, or proves accessory to a greater pleasure, is to be embraced.

In defining pleasure he tells us that it consists in indolence of body and in tranquillity of mind. This indolence of body is preserved by temperance, and tranquillity of mind is the fruit of virtue. In all *this* there is most certainly nothing which should entitle the man who inculcates it to public odium and execration. And it is evidently not the substance but the sound at which the chastity of moderation is intimidated. According to what has been now stated, Diogenes Laertius tells us that Epicurus maintained "that there is an inseparable connection betwixt virtue and true happiness," and one of his favourite maxims was, "Live thou as the Gods, in immortal virtue, and thou shalt have nothing common with mortals." Ammonius, in Aristotle's Catalogue, likewise informs us, that "the Epicureans were called *Hedonici*, because they made pleasure the last end of man. Pleasure, not that of the body, but the tranquil undisturbed constitution of the soul, which is devoted to virtue."

virtue." But not to multiply testimonies, the real character of the Epicurean philosophy may be best learned from the life, the manners, and the habits of its founder.

Those who conversed with him, and accompanied him through all the vicissitudes of life, assure us that he was pious and reverential towards the gods—dutiful to his parents—the fast friend of his country—kind and bountiful to his pupils, his friends and dependents. In his mode of life he was sober and temperate—seldom indulged himself with the use of wine.—Bread was his food—water his daily beverage; and if at any time he allowed himself a morsel of cheese, it exalted his banquet to luxury. Pleasure being his chief end, he purchased a beautiful garden at Athens, and there lived in the bosom of friendship—estranged to the bustle of life, conversed with his pupils of philosophy, or devoted himself to study. He lived 72 years, and died of the stone in the bladder in the second year of the 127th Olympiad.

A few hours only previous to his dissolution, speaking of the torments of his disorder to his friend Idomeneus, he tells him that the joy he then felt in his mind in the review of his public instructions, stood, as it were, in battle array betwixt him and the agonies he endured.

Such was the man which fastidiousness has uniformly calumniated. And if it gives *us* a caution to beware for the future, how we revile a heathen with whom we are unacquainted; how much more does it caution us against catching at merely *obnoxious sounds*, and calumniating one another.

W. H.

London.

DREADFUL

DREADFUL EXECUTION OF A NEGRO,

AND

HIS AMAZING FORTITUDE UNDER SUFFERINGS.

[From Stedman's *Account of Surinam*.]

THERE was a negro, whose name was *Neptune*, no slave, but his own master, and a carpenter by trade; he was young and handsome, but having killed the overseer of the estate of Altona, in the Para Creek, in consequence of some dispute, he *justly* forfeited his life. The particulars, however, are worth relating:

This man having stolen a sheep to entertain a favourite young woman, the overseer, who burnt with jealousy, had determined to see him hanged, to prevent which the negro shot him dead among the sugar canes; for these offences, of course, he was sentenced to be broken *alive upon the rack*, without the benefit of the *coup de grace*, or mercy stroke. Informed of the dreadful sentence, he composedly laid himself down upon his back on a strong cross, on which, with his arms and legs extended, he was fastened by ropes. The executioner, also a black man, having now with a hatchet chopped off his left hand, next took up a heavy iron bar, with which, by repeated blows, he broke his bones to shivers, till the marrow, blood, and splinters, flew about the field, but the prisoner never uttered a groan nor a sigh! The ropes being next unlashd, I imagined him dead and felt happy, till the magistrates stirring to depart, he writhed himself from the cross, when he fell on the grass, and damned them all as a set of *barbarous rascals*. At the same time removing his right hand by the help of his teeth, he rested his head on part of the timber, and asked the by-standers for a pipe of tobacco, which was infamously answered by kicking and spitting on him, till I, with some American seamen, thought proper to prevent

prevent it. He then begged his head might be chopped off, but to no purpose. At last, seeing no end to his misery, he declared "that though he had deserved death, he had not expected to die so many deaths: however," said he, "you *Christians* have missed your aim at last, and I now care not were I to remain thus one month longer." After which he sung two extempore songs, with a clear voice, the subject of which were to bid adieu to his living friends, and to acquaint his deceased relations that in a very little time he should be with them to enjoy their company for ever in a better place. This done, he calmly entered into conversation with some gentlemen, concerning his trial, relating every particular with uncommon tranquillity. "But," said he, abruptly, "by the sun it must be eight o'clock, and by any longer discourse I should be sorry to be the cause of your losing your breakfast. "Then casting his eyes on a Jew, whose name was *De Veries*, "Apropos, fir," said he, "won't you please to pay me the ten shillings you owe me?" "For what to do?" "To buy meat and drink to be sure—don't you perceive I am to be kept alive?" Which speech, on seeing the Jew stare like a fool, this mangled wretch accompanied with a loud and hearty laugh. Next observing the soldier that stood centinel over him, biting occasionally, on a piece of dry bread, he asked him how it came to pass that he, a *white man*, should have no meat to eat along with it? "Because I am not so rich," answered the soldier. "Then I will make you a present, fir," said the negro, "first pick my hand that was chopped off, clean to the bones; next begin to devour my body till you are glutted, when you will have both bread and meat as best becomes you," which piece of humour was followed by a second laugh; and thus he continued until I left him, which was about three hours after the dreadful execution.

Wonderful it is, indeed, that human nature should be able to endure so much torture, which assuredly could only

be supported by a mixture of rage, contempt, pride, and the glory of braving his tormentors, from whom he was so soon to escape.

I never recal to my remembrance, without the most painful sensation, this horrid scene, which must revolt the feelings of all who have one spark of humanity. If the reader, however, should be offended with my dwelling so long upon this unpleasant subject, let it be some relief to his reflection to consider this punishment not inflicted as a wanton and unprovoked act of cruelty; but as the extreme severity of the Surinam laws on a desperate wretch, suffering as an example to others for complicated crimes; while at the same time it cannot but give me, and I hope many others, some consolation to reflect, that the above barbarous mode of punishment was hitherto never put in practice in the British colonies. I must now relate an incident which, as it had a momentary effect on my imagination, might have had a lasting one on some who had not investigated the real cause of it, and which it gave me no small satisfaction to discover.

About three in the afternoon walking towards the place of execution with my thoughts full of the affecting scene, and the image of the sufferer fresh in my mind; the first object I saw was his head at some distance placed on a stake, *nodding* to me backwards and forwards, as if he had been really alive. I instantly stopt short, and seeing no person in the Savannah, nor a breath of wind sufficient to move a leaf or a feather, I acknowledge that I was rivetted to the ground, where I stood, without having the resolution of advancing one step for some time, till reflecting that I must be weak indeed not to approach this dead skull and find out the wonderful phenomenon if possible, I boldly walked up, and instantly discovered the natural cause by the return of a *vulture* to the gallows, who perched upon it as if he meant to dispute with me this feast of
carriion,

carion, which bird having already picked out one of the eyes had fled at my first approach, and striking the skull with his talons, as he took his sudden flight, occasioned the motion already described. I shall now only add, that this poor wretch, after living more than six hours, had been knocked on the head by the commiserating sentinel, the marks of whose musket were perfectly visible by a large open fracture in the skull.

Vultures are compared by some to the eagle, though those of Surinam possess very opposite qualities. They are, indeed, birds of prey, but instead of feeding on what they kill, like the other noble animal, their chief pursuit is carrion; wherefore they generally resort to burial grounds and places of execution, which they discover by their very acute smell, so much so, that by the negroes they are called *tingee-fowlo*, or the stinking bird. The Guiana vultures are the size of a common turkey; they are of a dark-grey colour, with black wings and tail; the bill is straight, with a crooked point, and very strong; the tongue is cloven, the neck without feathers, and the legs very short. Besides carrion, these birds will often destroy and eat serpents, and indeed every thing that comes in their way, until they are so much gorged they can hardly fly.

RANELAGH.

[From Moritz's Travels into England.]

AT length I arrived at Ranelagh; and having paid my half-crown, on entrance, I soon enquired for the garden door, and it was readily shewn to me; when to my infinite astonishment, I found myself in a poor mean-looking, and ill lighted garden, where I met but few people. I had not been here long, before I was accosted by a young lady, who also was walking there, and who, without ceremony, offered me her arm, asking me why I walked thus solitarily? I now concluded,

G g 2

this

this could not possibly be the splendid, much boasted Ranelagh; and so, seeing not far from me a number of people entering a door, I followed them, in hopes either to get out again, or to vary the scene.

But it is impossible to describe, or indeed to conceive, the effect it had on me, when, coming out of the gloom of the garden, I suddenly entered a round building, illuminated by many hundred lamps; the splendour and beauty of which surpassed every thing of the kind I had ever seen before. Every thing seemed here to be round: above, there was a gallery divided into boxes; and in one part of it an organ with a beautiful choir, from which issued both instrumental and vocal music. All around, under this gallery, are handsome painted boxes for those who wish to take refreshments: the floor was covered with mats; in the middle of which are four high black pillars; within which there are neat fire-places for preparing tea, coffee, and punch: and all around also there are placed tables, set out with all kinds of refreshments. Within these four pillars, is a kind of magic rotundo, where all the beau-monde of London move perpetually round and round.

I at first mixed with this immense concourse of people, of all sexes, ages, countries, and characters: and I must confess, that the incessant change of faces, the far greater number of which were strikingly beautiful, together with the illumination, the extent and majestic splendour of the place, with the continued sound of the music, makes an inconceivably delightful impression on the imagination.

Being, however, at length tired of the crowd, and being tired also with always moving round and round in a circle, I sat down in one of the boxes, in order to take some refreshment, and was now contemplating at my ease this prodigious collection and crowd of a happy, cheerful world, who were here enjoying themselves devoid of care, when a waiter very civilly asked me what refreshments I wished to have, and in a few moments

ments returned with what I asked for. To my astonishment, he would accept no money for these refreshments; which I could not comprehend, till he told me every thing was included in the half-crown I had paid at the door; and that I had only to command, if I wished for any thing more; but that, if I pleased, I might give him as a present a trifling *douceur*.

I now went up into the gallery, and seated myself in one of the boxes there; and from thence, becoming all at once a grave and moralizing spectator, I looked down on the concourse of people, who were still moving round and round in the fairy circle; and then I could easily distinguish several stars, and other orders of knighthood; French queues and bags contrasted with plain English heads of hair, or professional wigs; old age and youth, nobility and commonalty, all passing each other in the motley swarm. An Englishman, who joined me during this my reverie, pointed out to me, on my enquiring, princes and lords with their dazzling stars, with which they eclipsed the less brilliant part of the company.

Here some moved round in an eternal circle, to see and be seen; there a group of eager connoisseurs had placed themselves before the orchestra, and were feasting their ears, while others, at the well-supplied tables, were regaling the parched roofs of their mouths, in a more substantial manner; and again, others like myself, were sitting alone, in the corner of a box in the gallery, making their remarks and reflections on so interesting a scene.

I now and then indulged myself in the pleasure of exchanging, for some minutes, all this magnificence and splendour, for the gloom of the garden, in order to renew the pleasing surprise I experienced on my first entering the building. Thus I spent here some hours in the night, in a continual variation of entertainment; when the crowd now all at once began to lessen, and I also took a coach and drove home.

EXTRACTS

FROM

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S ARCADIA,

(Concluded from page 287.)

FROM THE SECOND BOOK.

*Old wood inflamed doth yield the bravest fire,
While younger doth in smoke his virtue spend.*

She went with such a battle in her thoughts, and so deadlly an overthrow given to her best resolutions, that even her body, when the battle was fought, was withal oppressed; making a languishing sickness wait upon the triumph of the passion.

Upon the shoulders of friendship to lay the burden of sorrow.

They walked under a few palm-trees which, being loving in their own nature, seemed to give their shadow the more willingly, because they held discourse of love.

The beasts, like children of nature, inherit their blessings quietly; but we, like bastards, are laid abroad as foundlings to be trained up by grief and sorrow.

The moon thought it no scorn to be torch-bearer to such beauty.

In the time that the wings of night do blow sleep most willingly into mortal creatures.

Mourn boldly my ink, for while she looks upon you, your blackness will shine.

Sleep came to bathe himself in her fair weeping eyes.

The wind was like a servant waiting behind them, so just, that they might fill the sails as they listed.

To

To consider the art of catching the wind prisoner for no other end than to run away with it.

There arose a veil of dark clouds, which shortly (like ink poured into water) had blackened over all the face of heaven : preparing, as it were, a mournful stage for a tragedy to be played on.

She sat, swallowing of sleep with her open mouth, making such a noise withal as nobody could lay the stealing of a nap to her charge.

A RIVER.

It run upon so fine and delicate a ground, as one could not easily judge, whether the river did more wash the gravel, or the gravel did purify the river : the river not running forth right, but almost continually winding, as if the lower streams would return to their springs ; or that the river had a delight to play with itself : the banks on either side seeming arms of the loving earth, that fain would embrace it ; and the river a wanton nymph, that still would slip from it : either side of the bank being furnished with beautiful trees which resisted the sun's darts from over much piercing the natural coldness of the river, but among the rest a goodly cypress, who bowing her fair head over the water, it seemed as if she looked into it, and dressed her green locks by that running mirror.

They began—to get the pure silver of their bodies out of the ore of their garments.

Her eyes in this unhappy be,
Because themselves they cannot see.
But who those ruddy *lips* can miss,
Which, blessed, still themselves do kifs?

The fine proportion of her glove shewed well what a dainty guest was wont there to be lodged.

The water, with some drops, seemed to weep that it should part from such a body.

She

She made the lute, in his language, shew how glad it was to be touched by her fingers.

With eyes, cheeks, and lips, whereof each sang their part, to make up the harmony of bashfulness.

If it be true that the giants ever made war against heaven, this man would have been a fit ensign-bearer to that company.

One whom fame was so desirous to honour, that she borrowed all men's mouths to join with the sound of her trumpet.

Bacchus, the learned say, was begot with thunder, and, I think, that made him ever since so full of stirs and debate.

The bird carries the shell fish high, to break him the easier with a fall.

Hymen had not then his saffron-coloured coat; for though she pretended love, she resolved upon his ruin.

A picture receives greater life by the darkness of shadows, than by more glittering colours.

FROM THE THIRD BOOK.

He was like one frozen with extremity of cold, overhastily brought to a great fire, rather oppressed than relieved by such a lightning of felicity.

With sighs to blow all comfort out of his breast, and wash away all cheerfulness with tears.

About them, as about two poles, the sky of beauty was turned.

If love be a fault, it is more fault in them to be lovely.

They sate devising how to give more feathers to the wings of time.

More

More beautiful had they been, had they not suffered greedy Phœbus, over often and hard to kiss them.

The divers coloured plumbs gave the eye a pleasant taste before they came to the mouth.

The wine seemed to laugh for joy to come to such lips.

Like a rose out of a briar, an excellent son of an evil mother.

In my presence their tongues were turned into ears, and their ears were captives unto my tongue. Their eyes admired my majesty ; and happy was he or she on whom I suffered the beams thereof to fall : Did I go to church ; it seemed the very gods waited for me, their devotions not being solemnized till I was ready.

Blind fortune hates sharp-sighted inventions.

Her tears rained down from her heavenly eyes, and seemed to water the sweet and beautiful flowers of her face.

In his eyes did some water appear, as if they would wash themselves against they should see her.

Shall Death head his dart with the gold of Cupid's arrow ? shall he take his aim from the rest of beauty ?

Not able to suffer that bitter sighs should be sent forth with so sweet a breath.

To see your own little ones, like little models of yourself, still carry you about them.

How often, alas ! do I embrace the orphan side of my bed, which was wont to be imprinted by the body of my dear husband.

Can one string make as good music as a consort ? can one colour set forth a beauty ?

Her eyes so lifted towards the sky, that one would have

have thought they had begun to fly thitherward, to take their place among their fellow stars.

Her naked hands raising up their whole length, and, as it were, kissing one another as if the right had been the picture of zeal and the left of humbleness, which both united themselves to make their suits the more acceptable. All her senses were rather tokens than instruments of her inward motions.

The earth sent up a great dust, as if it would strive to have clouds as well as the air, wherein the naked wind did apparel himself.

One that had marked him would have judged that his eyes would have run into him, and his soul out of him, so unkindly did either take a scent of danger.

The nearer danger approached (like the light of a glow worm) the less still it seemed.

As if the sight of the enemy had been a magnet-stone to his courage, he could not contain himself, but shewing his face to the enemy, and his back to his soldiers, and that action as his only method of denouncing war to the one, and persuading help of the other.

The earth itself wont to be a burial of men, was now as it were buried with men.

He made father and son become twins in the never again dying birth.

Cruel deaths made them lie quietly together, who most in their lives had sought to disquiet each other.

He fell, like a fair apple, which some uncourteous body, breaking its bow, should throw down before 'twere ripe.

The needle with so pretty a manner made its careers to and fro through the cloth, as if it would have seemed loth to go from such a mistress, but that it hoped to return thitherward again. The cloth looking with many
eyes

eyes upon her, and lovingly embracing the wounds she gave it : the shears also were at hand to behead the silk that was grown too short. The lilies that she made grew by the fons of her eyes, and were refreshed by the most comfortable air, which an unawares sigh might bestow upon them.

The sea in ebbing and flowing seems to observe a just dance, and yet understands no music.

Like a bat, which though it have eyes to discern that there is a sun, yet hath such evil eyes that it cannot delight in the sun ; she found a truth but could not love it.

As soon as the morning began to draw dew from the fairest greens to wash her face withal, against the appearance of the burning sun.

Solitary sorrow with a continual circle in herself, went out at his own mouth, to come in again at his own ears.

Her wounds sweet swelling lips had a little trembling, as though they kissed their neighbour death. Here was a river of purest red, there an island of perfect white.

No, is no negative in a woman's mouth.

Her eyes were cast on the ground with such a grace, as if she were fallen out with the heavens, for suffering such an injury.

Weeping Cupid told his weeping mother, that he was sorry he was not deaf as well as blind, that he might not hear such pitiful complaints of the virgins.

Those diamonds of the world whom nature hath preciously set in the eyes of men, to be the chief works of her workmanship.

They kindled their courage at the torches of his eyes ; prodigious comets of a deluge of blood.

This

This smooth calm came only to make them the more sensible of the succeeding tempest.

Her face was the register of nature's wonders.

Her arms and her tongue were rivals in embracing him.

The blood of her face ebb'd and flow'd according to the tide of affection.

Be bold my tongue, for though my cheeks blush they cover you.

E'er the morning star began to retire, as giving place to a greater light, whose coming as a forerunner, it had only waked the world to attend.

Under foot the ground seem'd mineral, yielding such a glittering shew of gold in it, as they say the river Tagus carries in his sandy bed.

His mind is but yet a prentice in the painful mystery of passions.

THE FOURTH BOOK.

The night is the first begotten child of time, the day being only an usurper upon her delightful inheritance.

I am happy only in this, that I cannot be more wretched.

Far more honourable will it be for your tomb, to have the blood of your murderers sprinkled upon it, than the tears of your friends.

He loved not him but his fortune, like those vermin, that suck the living blood, and leave the body as soon as it is dead.

Confidence in one's self is the chief nurse of magnanimity, which confidence notwithstanding doth not leave the care of necessary furnitures for it: and, therefore,

fore, of all the Grecians Homer doth ever make Achilles the best armed.

Our love can no more be diminished by these showers of evil hap, than flowers are marred with the timely rains of April.

The palm-tree thrives most upward when he is most burdened.

FROM THE FIFTH BOOK.

Such convulsions never come to a state but the life of the government of it draws near to its necessary period.

He desired to know how the people's mind would sway to this determination.

His best building was a well framed conscience.

This can no otherwise be shadowed out by the skilfullest pencil, than by covering it over with the veil of silence.

This province being spoiled of its guide, doth lie like a ship without a pilot, tumbling up and down in the uncertain waves, till it either run itself upon the rocks of self-division, or be overthrown by the stormy wind of foreign force.

Having closely imprisoned her, she was left more fully to suffer the fire-brands of her own thoughts, especially when it grew dark, and she had nothing left by her but a little lamp, whose small light to a perplexed mind, might rather yield fearful shadows than an assured light.

Fear, is the underminer of all determinations, and necessity, the victorious rebel of all laws.

The fairer a diamond is, the more pity it is it should receive a blemish.

VOL. VII.

H h

Forti-

Fortifying courage with the true rampier of patience.

Here you have the thread to guide you in the labyrinth, this man of his tongue hath made so monstrous use. Here you see the true discourse which the mountebank fashion doth make so wide a mouth over.

Laws are not made, like lime twigs or nets, to catch every thing that toucheth them, but rather like sea-marks, to avoid the shipwreck of ignorant passengers.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

Without friends the world is but a wilderness.

BACON.

SUCH were the sentiments of a philosopher whose authority is not that of a superficial observer, but of one who experienced various vicissitudes in life. True as is his assertion, let us nevertheless investigate *why the world is a wilderness without friends* ! This we cannot well do, without elucidating the nature of friendship, and shewing its influences, both as it regards society and individuals.

The two principles of man are *self-love* and *reason* ; and they are both necessary. Self-love is undoubtedly the stronger, because it is the spring of motion, and the moving principle requires most action ; its object is nigh, and sees immediate advantage ; whereas reason is formed to compare, check, and advise, and its prospect lies at a distance. Still, however, these two principles are so blended with the passions, that the ends of Providence are thereby answered. Do not, gentle readers, construe this as deistical, far be such sentiments from our minds.—We mean only to prove the necessity of friendship, which comprehends gratitude, sincerity, prudence, benevolence, sympathy, charity, and love. Is it not then a virtue, and a Christian grace ?

Having so done, we easily discover that the world
would

would indeed be a *wilderness*, without this divine sympathy, which is the very "Cement of the soul, sweetener of life, and folder of society."

Friendship is the cement of the soul, because the heart cannot taste any real happiness without the seeds of benevolence are cherished in it. Charity and love is the produce—love to God and charity to man. Such a principle is truly the sweetener of life; because from this fountain rivers of goodness flow for the benefit of mankind. This it is that assisteth the poor in their trouble—that cherishes the helpless orphan and widow—that comforteth suffering virtue—that hath a noble effect upon all accidents and conditions—that relieves our cares, raiseth our hopes, and abates our fears; in fine, it is this that rejoiceth in the prosperity and happiness of all mankind. Friendship is the folder of society, as is evident from the actions of men. No harmony can subsist without it. Justice and sincerity would perish if this lovely quality was extinguished. It is this that promoteth peace and good-will, calmeth fury, and preventeth the mischiefs of animosity. Friendship believeth not the tales of envy, nor repeateth the slanders of malevolence. It forgives the injuries of men, it knows not revenge and malice. The anxieties of men excite the compassion of friendship, and it delights in alleviating the burthen of their misfortunes.

It is a duty incumbent on man to be friendly to all his fellow creatures; indeed it is his interest to be so. Let us consider our wants and imperfections, and contemplate the goodness of our Creator, who endowed us with every faculty, "and placed us in society" to receive and confer reciprocal helps and mutual obligations. We owe every enjoyment and comfort of life to the assistance of others; here we perceive the bonds of society. The benevolent man no less enjoyeth the tranquillity of his own breast, than he rejoiceth in the happiness and prosperity of his neighbour. His desire is to do good, and he feels inexpressible joy in removing

the disquietude of another. From the largeness of his mind he comprehendeth in his wishes the happiness of all men; and from the generosity of his heart he endeavourerh to promote it.

Having thus expatiated on that friendship which is charity in common, it remains to shew the beauties of individual friendship.—O! it is a pleasing theme; but where are we to find words to delineate the ever blossoming joys that spring from this sacred source? Arduous as is the task, we shall endeavour to shew its effects on man, from prattling infancy to youth's gay fruits; 'rom thence to more mature and sober manhood, and from thence to that venerable stage of life, old age.

When we take a retrospect of our actions in infancy, a thousand little endearing incidents present themselves; such as the calm scenes, where we had many a simple innocent sport, when nature pleaseth, and our little fluttering heart promised more than even fancy drew. O! how delicious to survey past friendships formed at school, when the heart's light joy diffuseth a wanton happiness all around, and each little breast felt delight unutterable. What fond illusions enrapture the mind on tracing school adventures. O! how delightful were the friendships formed and cherished at yon distant spot. Yea! the recollection of past times bursts upon our minds with a tearful remembrance.

“ —Oh! then the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste: still the full heart
Had not imparted half; 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed
Not to return—How painful the remembrance*!

Such indeed are the exclamations of sympathetic souls, that taste joys unknown to those of a freezing cold constitution.

Youth is a time when the faculties are in full vigour and the passions impetuous. The dictates of reason are

* Blair's Grave.

too often unattended to, yet still moments of consideration intrude. In such a state of mind it behoves us to reflect on the principles of our intimates and friends. A very great advantage of friendship is the opportunity of good advice. Youth is the season when the heart is warm and tremblingly alive to generous emotions. It is at this period of our existence we begin to fix principles which must ultimately regulate our conduct. Hence the importance of forming proper friendships. Do not believe that friendship can subsist when virtue is not the foundation. For true friendship is made up of virtue, and we ought to choose a friend endued with virtue as a thing in itself lovely and desirable. Good and wise men can only be real friends; the giddy and thoughtless may for a while be tolerable companions, but avoid their excesses as you would a monster. That cannot well be a blest old age that has stings of conscience—that has dire reflections on an indolent manhood and a mispent youth! We ought to be circumspect in the selection of our friends; from such attention the colour of our future years is generally fixed. Tenacious as we should be in the selection of bosom friends, it is our duty, nevertheless, to be friendly to all mankind. Dr. Johnson says, "That friendship may be at once fond and lasting, there must not only be equal virtue on each part, but virtue of the same kin; not only the same end must be proposed, but the same means must be approved by both." Alas! such similarity of sentiment, though requisite, is not easily found. Liberality of sentiment is the best way to gain affection. If you make a profession of friendship to a worthy soul, endeavour to act in conformity; he that is often changing can never have any true friends. Oh! the loss of his friendship whom we have sincerely esteemed, is grievous. The imperfections of a friend should be looked upon with an eye of candour.—Our own faults are numerous. Indeed it is advisable for

all who have entered into a firm friendship, to make an amicable stipulation, that they shall mutually admonish and reprove each other.

In endeavouring to rectify the errors of a friend, we only discharge an incumbent duty which we owe to society, and act the part of true friendship.

View juvenile friendships in this light, and the consequences are the most delightful; life can only be clouded with fears and disappointments to those whose hearts are unsusceptible of the ever blossoming joys that spring from religion, innocent amusements, and friendships. O! friendship, sweet and delicate is thy power. Yes, thy thrilling bosom whispers that friendship is a flower of heavenly seed, from which the wise extract earth's Hyblean bliss and superior wisdom.

We have faintly shewn how friendship gilds scenes in infancy and youth; and shall now proceed to point out its effects on manhood. Oh! how charmingly it operates in the day of youth, when the heart, free from care, expands herself; but now the mind grown more mature, delights more in the solid joys of an high exalted friendship, and strives to make a link in the chain of society. By a mutual communication of sentiment this intimacy contracted in youth is kept up on a more extended scale. Hitherto they have only been the results of an immediate acquaintance, now they become the means of lasting and serious friendship, founded upon a corroboration of sentiments. None but those who are thoroughly versed in friendship, are susceptible of its effects and delights. Those, and those only who have felt the pleasing influence of the most genuine and exalted friendship, are capable of comprehending its beauties.

The country, with all its delights, those doubly pleasing prospects which on retrospection give such insipid pleasure to the sensitive heart, all, all turn pale when compared to that sacred thing friendship. But why,

why, alas ! expatiate on this divine quality of the soul, when it is centered in the heart of many of our readers, who, perhaps, are infinitely better qualified to explain the mystery ! A cheerful good-natured friend is a temporal blessing that admits of no comparison. Cicero used to say, that it was no less an evil for a man to be without a friend, than to have the heavens without a sun. And Socrates thought friendship the sweetest possession ; and that no piece of ground yielded more or pleasanter fruit than a true friend. Seneca says “ That friends are the whole world to one another ; and that he that has a friend to himself, is also a friend to mankind. There is no relish in the possession of any thing without a partner.” To love friends from interested motives, is an indication of a grovelling mind. Yet “ false is their conceit, who say, the way to have a friend is not to make use of him. Nothing can have a greater assurance that two men are friends, than when experience make them mutually acknowledge it.”

It is not in the scale of prosperity we must weigh friends. Adversity is the just criterion. Why are the rich so pestered with sycophants ? because they cannot discover the artifice of the flattery. Adversity soon proves the deception of pretended friends. Friendship that has an eye to advantages, resembles a negotiation, and its duration dwindles away as soon as that advantage is no more. Ah ! perfidious dissimulation ! True friendship displays itself in the brightest colours when put to the trial.

To drop the curtain, we shall trace friendship to that period when we mellow into age. Happy, twice happy old age, that leavest this stage with the unbounded prospect of bliss refulgent in a “ far better world.” O ! blest old age, that sits down with a calm tranquillity, and views a past life, employed in piety to God and love to man. Delicious retrospection ! It is now we reap an abundant harvest from our praiseworthy actions in youth and manhood. It is now we derive from meditation

tation the purest sources of uninterrupted enjoyments. It is now we are more sensible that self-examination is the beginning and the end of true wisdom. It is now we enjoy quietude and repose in the company of valued friends, and in the contemplation of things sublime.— Old age, so considered, is the most agreeable condition of human life. And it is now we exalt our thoughts to regions beyond the grave, and hold secret communion with our God. O! pleasureable! when our hopes grasp at a happy immortality. Our minds are more disposed to religious duties the nearer we approach the confines of mortality. Necessary as is solitude for such pious meditation, yet we may still possess this interval of holy leisure, without entirely withdrawing ourselves from the friends of our youth, who, perhaps, are equally solicitous about a glorious hereafter, yet anxious to spend the few remaining days in social converse. Sacred communion with God recreates the soul, and is delight ineffable. Hence we feel the most charming effects of love, and from which we may learn how beautiful this virtue must be amongst mankind. Our principles may, morally speaking be good; yet religious force divine, is a source of the most solid happiness; and hence the Christian's pleasing hopes on the bed of death. Advanced age is capable of enjoying real pleasure. A virtuous old man tastes serene gaiety; and from the goodwill of his neighbours, and the faithfulness of friends, receives a rich reward for the rectitude and integrity of his past life. It is now we are convinced that a faithful friend is the medicine of life, and adds greatly to the cup of happiness. It is now we are sensible that "a faithful friend is a living treasure; a comfort in solitude, and a sanctuary in distress." Even happiness, without communication, is tedious; and where is the man of sensibility who is not conscious of this.

Lovely, generous, and enthusiastic as is friendship in all conditions, yet in the married state it is still more peculiarly endearing.

" Here friendship full vents her softest powers,
 Perfect esteem, enlivened by desire
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
 Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
 With boundless confidence; for nought but love
 Can answer love, and render bliss secure."

The conjugal state is replete with friendship of the most refined nature. When two congenial hearts unite in virtuous love—their joys are livelier than unparticipated pleasure—their every little domestic joy is heightened into bliss by a mutual sympathy of feeling. Yea! the tenderest emotions of the soul, the warmest effusions of the heart, and the very milk and cream in our natures, are here called into action, and continue to diffuse unspeakable joys all around, till

" Together down they sink in social sleep;
 Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
 To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign."

THOMSON.

Having thus traced the nature and various effects of friendship, we may be allowed to drop the subject, by concluding with the words of our motto—" *Without friends the world is but a wilderness.*"

London,
 3d Dec. 1798.

J C.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY VISITOR.

SIR,

WILL you admit some remarks on the account given in your number for June, concerning the late Dr. Towers, and some further particulars respecting that gentleman.

He had several brothers and a sister. One of his brothers is the Reverend John Towers, of Barbican; another conducts Mr. Goadby's business at Sherborne. His sister, who was a woman of shrewd sense, not many

years since sold books in the little Minories. Whether she is still living I know not. Dr. Towers himself was apprenticed to Mr. Goadby.

Your account says, that he was at one time a bookseller in the neighbourhood of Cripplegate. He was so. He then lived in Fore Street, directly opposite to the way which led to Cripplegate.

About the year 1770, it is said he entered on the ministry. No mention is made how he came to think of that profession, or by whom he was first introduced to it, nor when nor where, nor by whom he was ordained. If I might hazard a conjecture, it might, probably, be thus. I knew him a bookseller in the year 1760, and have frequently both bought and borrowed books to read of him. His being apprenticed to a printer, probably led him to set up bookseller when he came to London; and, it is probable, that it was then, when he had plenty of books about him, that his thirst for knowledge led him to study, and prepared him, during these ten years for the ministry, which he afterwards exercised so much to his own credit and that of religion. Dr. Kippis was his firm and intimate friend to the end of his life. It is probable that the doctor whose discernment must discover genius, and whose goodness of heart would ever lead him to bring it forward, might accidentally at this time meet with him, and might be the means of introducing him to the ministry. And it seems the more probable, because it appears that he ranked at his first appearance in a clerical character among the presbyterians, among whom Dr. Kippis was at that time *the* leading man.

He was, as your relator observes, much esteemed by the religious society with whom he was connected, at Highgate. And well he might be so, for his discourses were excellent, as his manners were amiable.

In his sermons his reasoning was strong and convincing, his application close and persuasive, and the most
exalted

exalted morality of conduct and heart, was strongly pressed and enforced.

It is said 1779 he received his diploma. He had been previously concerned with Dr. Kippis in compiling the *Biographia Britannica*, and the diploma was, unknown to Dr. Towers, obtained and sent to him by the bookseller.

Some other particulars, I may add, respecting him, which have not yet been mentioned. He was so fond of the advantage of the London libraries, and also of literary company, that no consideration whatever, I believe, would have prevailed on him to live in the country. He was contented with a little, and lived in great privacy.—He once told me that he did not gain 40*l.* a year by preaching. What a stigma on the discernment of mankind, that such a man as Dr. Towers should be so little rewarded, while a roaring fellow, that starts up from a coal barge, to throw noisy damnation all around him, shall be followed by multitudes, and get three or four hundred pounds a year. But so it is, as I heard Dr. Kippis once justly observe, “ Good sense has, among the bulk of mankind, but few admirers; but noise has many.” Dr. Towers has, a few times, preached for Mr. Lindsey and read his liturgy; but so fond was he of liberty, that I have heard him say, he did not feel himself quite comfortable in reading *any* prescribed form. A stranger entering a company where Dr. Towers was present, might judge of the company by *his* countenance. If the company were rational and conversant, no man in the world was more sprightly or a better companion; if, on the contrary, they were frothy and nonsensical, he was as dumb as the chair he sat on, and his disapprobation might be seen only by the extreme disregard expressed in his countenance.

He was delighted with the conversation of Mrs. Barbauld, and said once, on his return from a visit, where he had met her, that it was worth while to bear any fatigue,

fatigue, or go any distance to converse with such a lady.

He was indefatigable in his endeavours to serve a friend, if he undertook his cause; and charitable beyond, far beyond his ability. He would never pass a common beggar without giving him something, lest he should miss a deserving unfortunate—his common observation was, “He is not too rich!” if any one remonstrated with him for giving to those who are often thought unworthy.

Whether he has published more sermons than one, I know not; one I have seen, and an excellent one it is, on Matt. v. 47. *What do ye more than others?*

If I should recollect any further particulars respecting this very worthy man, and nobody else has previously sent them to you, you shall have them from,

Sir,

Yours, respectfully,
P.

THE VERY CURIOUS ADDRESS

OF THE

Burgomaster, Magistrates, and Citizens of Strelitz, to her Royal Highness the Most Illustrious Princess Sophia Charlotte, Duchess of Mecklenburgh, Princess of Wenden, Schrouin, and Pioltzburg, and Countess of Schwerin and the Countries of Rostock and Stangard, on her leaving the Territories of the said City in her Way to England, as the Royal Bride of his Most Illustrious Majesty George the Third, King of Great Britain, &c. &c. August 27, 1761.

ILLUSTRIOUS Dutchess, most gracious Princess and Lady; your Royal Highness is at present leaving that country whose happiness it has hitherto been to admire you the model of a perfect princess: you leave it to share with the greatest monarch in Europe, a throne respected

respected through every part of the universe. The instant is at hand when your Royal Highness will for ever be withdrawn from our eyes: but it affects us the more sensibly from the apprehension that the many great and brilliant objects with which you will henceforth be connected, will efface so small a place as ours from your inestimable remembrance. Yet that goodness which we have hitherto with transport admired in your Royal Highness, revives our spirits; it assures us that you will ever from the throne condescend graciously to look back on our town, and continue the patroness of those whose happiness it is to be the subjects of your illustrious family. We, therefore, in full confidence, give ourselves up to that lively joy excited in us all, on the glorious union to which the Divine Providence has called your Royal Highness, and beg leave to accompany you with our most cordial wishes for your safe journey and continual welfare and prosperity. May the Eternal Ruler of all Things, who has appointed this great event, make your Royal Highness the most perfect instance of felicity—the delight of that royal family into which you are now entering, the joy of Britain, and the glory of the illustrious House of Mecklenburgh! May our illustrious sovereign, the beloved Adolphus Frederic, long, and in all earthly happiness, together with his faithful and happy subjects rejoice in these felicities! Your Royal Highness will graciously permit that **TWELVE** of our daughters, here present in the attire of innocence, may, as a memorial of this fortunate event, second the ardent sentiments of their fathers, and in *artless words most humbly* wish you a safe and pleasant journey.—August 27, 1761.

ELENORA DOROTHEA MARIA BENTGHOVEN.

Hail princefs ! with each fhining virtue bright,
All pure within, without all glorious light,
Whofe form divine, whofe goodnefs we adore ;
Heaven blefs thy parting from the German fhore.

CHRISTIANA JULIANA ELIZABETH BERENDSEN.

As confort of a mighty monarch fhine,
Reftore the honour of an ancient line ;
For this thy coming, Britain's king invites,
For this he calls to Hymen's foft delights.

DOROTHEA ELIZABETH TETTINGEN.

Thy foul with each divineft virtue fraught,
Thy wifdom perfect, both in word and thought,
Each Britifh bofom fhall with rapture fire,
And faction fleep whilft gazing crowds admire.

SOPHIA ELIZABETH GRADHANDLAN.

When feated by thy royal confort's fide,
New luftre he fhall gain from fuch a bride,
Her worth fhall grace the fared nuptial ties,
And Britain's throne in dignity fhall rife.

CAROLINA HENRIETTA TANGATE.

O God ! whofe mercies through the world abound,
Whofe power fupports the king thy hand has crown'd,
Waft o'er the main the bride's transcendent charms,
In fafety to the bridegroom's longing arms.

DOROTHEA GAVEN.

May fhe with each endearing art poffeff,
To pleafure ever footh the monarch's breaft !
May all the royal virtues of her heart,
To faithful fubjects joy fincere impart.

ANNA MARIA ELIZABETH CHRISTEN.

Britons rejoice ! receive with loud acclaim
 Sophia Charlotte, ever dear to fame ;
 Delight of Mecklenburgh ! she comes to shower
 On Britain's isle new blessings every hour.

MAGDALEN ELIZABETH COLTERJAHN.

Thrice happy bride ! who soon shall cross the main,
 Whom to behold again we wish in vain ;
 May happiness, increasing, with thee dwell,
 To every age may fame thy glory tell.

CHRISTINA SOPHIA SEALON.

From Ganges to where Mississippi flows,
 Diffusing wealth and plenty as it goes ;
 From Senegal, still scorched by Phœbus beams,
 To where St. Lawrence rolls his silver streams,
 Proclaim Britannia's bliss the world around,
 From pole to pole, to earth's remotest bound.

CHRISTINA ELIZABETH PHOELEN.

Its wish auspicious Flavel hastes to bring,
 For fair Charlotta and his Britain's king,
 On Britain's isle all blessing he implores,
 And rolls his friendly wave to Albion's shores.

DOROTHEA CHRISTIANNA ELIZABETH REX-
SEHEN.

Beneath the Lord's anointed may she thrive,
 Still may his influence keep the palm alive,
 Still may it flourish, branches still extend,
 Afford us shelter and from heat defend.

CATHARINE SOPHIA BERTROWEN.

Nought can our brothers ardent zeal restrain,
 Fain would they tempt with thee the roaring main ;
 Permit them, queen, thy person to be near,
 That of thy safety tidings we may hear.

CHORUS.

Yet for one favour more we must apply,
But little can these barren tracts supply,
Permit us, since both gold and pearls you scorn,
Your royal brows with myrtle to adorn !

A SINGULAR CHARACTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY VISITOR.

SIR,

TO view human nature in every attitude, it is necessary to take even the *most singular* characters into consideration. I accordingly send you a few anecdotes respecting a maiden lady, recently deceased, in Sussex. Her history, for several years past, has excited much curiosity in that part of the country where she resided, and upon the authenticity of the following particulars the readers of your entertaining Miscellany may depend.

This very singular MAIDEN lady died at the age of *fifty-seven*. She was of a respectable family, and of considerable property, from twelve to eighteen thousand pounds. For near these last thirty years she had secluded herself from society, nor did she even make her appearance at her own place of worship. In the year 1792 she built a neat and elegant house for herself at Horsham, but never occupied it, living in a small apartment close to it, out of which there was an entrance into the mansion, through the rooms of which she would often stroll to examine the state of the furniture, and to congratulate herself on the extent of her domains. It is said that she never saw the front of this house. The only time when she has been known to have quitted it, was to attend the assizes at East Grinstead; but then she went off *in the night*, and returned *during the night*.

She

She was extremely fond of animals of almost every description; they had even free access into the room where she lived, and were there entertained with the melodious strains of an hand organ. At one time her collection was large, and consisted of dogs, cats, monkeys, guinea pigs, hares, rabbits, squirrels, peacocks, doves, parrots, &c. Few of this large family have survived her, but she has not forgotten them. The interest of *three hundred pounds*; viz. *fifteen pounds per annum*, is left to a person, who, according to her own expressions, must for this sum, "Feed and take care of them for and during their *natural* lives."

Her will was written by herself, and abounded with all that circuitous jargon for which legal writings are so conspicuously distinguished. Its minute particularity and unusual length, must have taken up a great portion of the old lady's time; and we must consider it to be her chief and only production. It manifested in every part, the possession of intellect, though stamped with the most prominent features of eccentricity. The principal part of her property she has left to her favourite maid servant, and to a worthy dissenting minister, who did, indeed, preside over the religious society to which she belonged; but she never did him the honour of attending upon his ministry. She has also appointed that *two shillings worth* of bread shall be distributed among certain poor persons, who shall attend divine service, in order to *induce* their attendance on public worship.

The manner of the donation is thus curiously specified by her—"A shelf is to be fixed to the front part of her seat, on which the *loaves* are to be arranged previous to divine service, at the close of which they are to be taken down for distribution." But the old lady has certainly done but half the business, for she ought to have appointed another shelf for the *fishes*, which, Sussex being a maritime county, might be easily obtained. In our Saviour's time *loaves* and *fishes* were powerful inducements with many, to follow him; now

can any reason be assigned for their being less seductive in modern times. But, perhaps, this lady recollected that our Saviour censured the *loaves and fishes*, and resolved that, in her case, they should not be again united.

Nor must we forget to mention, that this charitable donor has ordered her NAME, and the nature of her gift, to be inscribed on her seat, above the bread, in large GOLDEN letters. This apparent ostentation let not the reader rashly censure;

“For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e’er resign’d;
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one lingering look behind?”

Few persons have been more particular respecting their interment. She ordered that her body should be kept *one month* after her decease, and even longer, provided that there were not at the expiration of this period, symptoms of putrefaction. Happily, however, these indications of dissolution were not wanting, and between *thirty and forty pounds* were expended in spirits of wine, by which her corpse was continued in a tolerable state of preservation. According to her express appointment also, her body was, first of all, inclosed in a shroud, then in a leaden coffin, afterwards in a coffin of oak, and, lastly, the whole was let down into a stone coffin, made of the best Portland stone. Black marble was likewise specified by her, but the mason was left to determine which of these substances possessed the greatest degree of durability. These coffins had none of their lids fastened, agreeable to her request.

On the oaken coffin the breast-plate and the ornaments were plated with silver; and on the lid of the stone coffin she appointed her name, her age, and the period of her decease to be cut, each letter to be *three quarters of an inch deep*.

The Rev. Mr. Evans, of Worship Street, London, was sent for down to commit her remains to the
the

the earth, Thursday, August 8th, and preached her funeral sermon at midnight; for by her appointment her corpse was not taken from her house till the clock struck TEN. The solemnity of torch-light, the slowness of the procession through the town at so late an hour, and the large crowds of people assembled, from a principle of curiosity, rendered the scene solemn and impressive. In the midst of hundreds, she was deposited in the vault of her ancestors, and *there we leave her till the great day of account.*

Qualis illa erat—ille dies indicabit !

Her real character, the last day will declare !

In the mean time we cannot help regretting that a person with so good an understanding, and with such an ample fortune, did not render herself more beloved. With *her* means of respectability and usefulness, she might have proved an ornament to religion and a blessing to the community. Whereas to perceive such persons clinging to their wealth with a penurious economy, and bequeathing it with that minuteness of detail which indicates their aversion to parting with it, reminds me of a saying, that "Certain characters resemble that species of fruit called *medlars*, of little or no use till they are rotten !"

I am,

Yours respectfully,

August 14, 1799.

VERAX.

P. S. The account of the Old Lady, in all the *public papers*, is replete with the grossest inaccuracies.

CURIOUS

CURIOUS PARTICULARS

CHARACTERISTIC OF EACH MONTH IN THE YEAR.

*Chiefly extracted from the New Edition of Dr. Aikin's
Calendar of Nature.*

CALENDAR OF NATURE.

AUGUST.

Fair *plenty* now begins her golden reign,
The yellow fields thick wave with ripen'd grain,
Joyous the swains renew their sultry toils,
And bear in triumph home the harvest's wealthy spoils.

1. **S** STILL hot, but calm and fair. 2. Rye and oats first ripened, but various, sometimes all fit for cutting. 3. Corn once ripe, a *fair day* is of great importance; for the seeds are shied by the depredations of birds, or by sudden storms. 4. View of harvesting beautiful in a large prospect. 5. Gathering of harvest is a termination of anxiety, suggesting benevolence to man and gratitude to God.

Be not *too narrow*, husbandmen! but fling
From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
The liberal handful. Think, O! grateful think,
How good the God of harvest is to you,
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields.

THOMSON.

6. Corn *grown* by heat after moisture, makes very bad bread. 7. Harvest concludes with field peas and beans—food for cattle and men. 8. *Harvest-home* very natural, and observed in all ages and countries—pleases both master and servant; for

Inwardly

Inwardly smiling the proud farmer views
 The rising pyramids that grace his yard,
 And counts his large increase; his beams are stor'd,
 And groaning saddles bend beneath their load.

SOMERVILLE.

9. Hopping time. It is a climbing plant, having long roots, wants a deep rich soil. There are five plants and three poles in each hill. They appear early in the spring, and as they grow fast, have, generally, by the latter end of June, or the beginning of July, reached the top of their poles, which are from sixteen to twenty feet in length. 10. Very beautiful when at the top of the pole—dried by charcoal and *uncrisped* by an exposure to the air. 11. Crops very precarious; assailed by grubs and then flies. 12. These attacks are remedied by mixing males and females in the plantations. 13. Few plants are now in flower, most running to seed, and few supplying their place; heaths and commons now in beauty with *heath* or *ling*.—Moist lands now adorned with meadow-saffron. 14. Numerous tribe of ferns now flower, all of the *cryptogamia* kind; ferns the tallest of mosses, in this class are the lichens and seaweed. 15. Several kinds of fern or brakes, the commonest *harts tongue-wood polypody*, the female-kind brighter in a green house. 16. Uses of them many and important, growing where nothing else can, affording shade to birds, &c. roots full of mucilage, and serve for littering and thatching, also burnt into *alkali*. 17. Wall-fruits come in season.

Now—the funny wall
 Presents the downy *peach*, the shining *plumb*,
 The ruddy fragrant nectarine, and dark
 Beneath his ample leaf the luscious *fig*.

18. Viper brings forth its young of the size of earth-worms. 19. Many insects appear, flies in windows, bulls begin their shrill bellowing. 20. The largest swallows disappear to the southern regions; rooks roost in

in their nest by night. Young broods of goldfinches are still seen; lapwings and linnets begin to congregate, and the red-breast one of our finest, though commonest songsters, renews his music about the end of the month.

SCHOOL FOR PARENTS.

RESUMED.

BY A. K. ISLEWORTH.

[*Concluded from page 259.*]

Lo! this the land, whence Milton's muse of fire,
High soar'd to steal from heaven a seraph's lyre,
And told the golden ties of wedded love,
In sacred Eden's aramanthine grove!

WHARTON.

ORMSBY soon after appeared; he seated himself, without speaking, by the side of Catharine, apparently buried in thought. Catharine raised her fine dark eyes to his, with a look of anxious enquiry; it was such a look as the masterly pencil of a Raphael would have given to a commiserating spirit, looking down with pity on the sufferings of an expiring saint; and it was a look, gentle reader, which penetrated the very soul of Ormsby. How sudden, how indescribable is the effect of sympathy on the human mind. The features of Ormsby underwent an instant transition; the wildness which had before visited his countenance was vanished, tenderness beamed from his eyes, and a mild melancholy diffused itself over his features. It did not, indeed, indicate that his heart was at ease; but it evinced that the tumult of his soul was quieted, that the wilder passions were subdued, and that reason had re-assumed her empire in his breast.

"Miss Selby," said he, "I fear I have incautiously hurried you." "No apologies, I entreat," said Catharine; "but tell me, are you better than when I left you?"

you?" "Mine, I repeat, is but a mental malady," said he. "Would to heaven you would be my confident?" "If I could serve you, Mr. Ormsby," said Catharine—she paused. "You can, at least, console me," he replied. "If you think so, I have no objection to hearing the cause of your distress." Ormsby, after thanking her for her condescension, proceeded to inform her of many things with which the reader is already acquainted. He slightly mentioned the long intimacy which had subsisted between the family of Lord Hubert and his own; of the secret agreement between the fathers for a union of their children, and spoke, without reserve, of the reluctance he had felt at the thoughts of becoming the husband of Miss Pedigree, from the first hour that it had been proposed to him; of the extreme dislike which he had to the fastidious manners and flighty conduct of the pretty Selima. Nevertheless, he continued, I considered myself bound in honour to fulfil those engagements which Sir James had formed for me. I have watched, narrowly, to see if time or chance would discover any traces of sensibility in the heart of Selima, by which I could form a more favourable opinion of her character, but I have watched in vain; she is incapable of a tender attachment—she thinks unbounded love and admiration due to her superior charms, and looks with frigid contempt on those whose understandings will not suffer them to pay the tribute her weak vanity would exact from them. Lady Hubert has, by her own example, and unbounded fondness, increased the follies of her daughter, while the credulous father implicitly yields the little understanding that wine has left him, to their guidance, and sees every object exactly through the medium they prescribe to him. Hence it is that he has, for some time, supposed that I have given an indirect insult to him, by not hastening my marriage with his daughter. Happy indeed was it for me, that I was not blindly hurried into an indissoluble engagement with her; for I have made
a dis-

a discovery of such an infamous nature as I can scarce bring myself to shock your purity by relating of it. "Miss Selby, would you believe that Selima Pedigree is *frail* as fair?" "Surely," said Catharine, "you must have been misinformed?" "No, no," he replied, "do not think me capable, upon slight grounds, of villifying a woman's fame; the stroke of the midnight assassin is not more dastardly, than that of the wretch who throws the dart of calumny at the reputation of a woman; but I have proof that cannot be controverted—yet I will, if possible, save Miss Pedigree from infamy; *but* I cannot make that woman the guardian of my honour, who has shown herself so little able to defend her own." Here the appearance of Mr. Selby interrupted the conversation; he came in pursuit of Ormsby, to inform him the *Pedigrees* were leaving the house in great anger, and that Sir James requested to see him immediately. He bowed to Catharine and departed with his friend. Catharine was again left to form conjectures of occurrences which she could not fathom, followed them slowly to the house, and busied herself in making a few necessary preparations for her journey home, which was to take place the following day.

While she is so employed, we will relate to our readers a few facts with which they are unacquainted.

Mr. Selby, who was given with reverential awe

To read God's awful name, emblazon'd high,
With golden letters on the illumin'd sky,

BARBAULD,

had frequently, when so engaged, seen, at a late hour, a female form glide through the pleasure grounds, and after being absent a considerable time, return the same way, mostly attended by an elegant looking man. He fancied, and he feared that the frail fair one was Miss Pedigree; but who could be her companion at such an hour and in such a place, seemed an enigma which he could

could not solve. That it was not Ormsby he was very certain, and in the vicinity of the manor there was only a few straggling farm houses, intermixed with cottages inhabited by labourers. He pondered for some days on the propriety of acquainting Ormsby with this seeming mystery; at length, after mature deliberation, he determined to communicate his suspicions to him. Thunder-struck with surprise, he agreed to watch that night in the chamber which Mr. Selby occupied. He did so—the night was favourable, and the fair Selima (for *her* indeed it was) again quitted the house, after all the family was retired. She was met upon the lawn by the same person as Mr. Selby had before seen. She put her hand through his arm, and they struck into an interior path. Mr. Selby and Ormsby then descended to the drawing-room, which communicated by a flight of stone stairs, with the garden; they there discovered the attendant of Miss Pedigree sitting on a sofa, waiting, as they supposed, the return of her lady. Struck with surprise, she endeavoured to account for her strange appearance there at so late an hour; but they passed her without attending to the apology she was framing, and crossing the lawn, struck into a path which led to an hermitage, thinking they might meet the imprudent pair, who had taken a more circuitous path. Presently the sound of voices reached them, they paused, and heard enough to convince them that the vanity of making a difficult conquest over a professed libertine, had thrown the unfortunate Selima into the power of an unprincipled man.

In the course of their conversation, he entreated her to hasten, by every possible expedient, her marriage with Ormsby, in order that they might meet with less restraint. He spoke of her attractions in the flighty terms of romantic passion, complimented her taste, extolled her beauty, and cursed, most vehemently, his own ill-fortune, which had shackled him, before he knew his lovely Selima, to a dull piece of domestic mechanism.

chanism. Disgusted with such monstrous duplicity, our friends returned silently to the house, and entered it by the same way which they had quitted it; the servant was not in the drawing-room, and they seated themselves there in order to wait the arrival of the lady, who soon after entered, fastened the door cautiously after her, coughed gently—a light trembled in the passage, and the lady tripped lightly through the room, without knowing that she was observed. Mr. Selby and his friend soon after retired, not to rest, but to consult on the most proper steps to be taken to unravel so perplexing a thread of intricacies, without destroying the character of the imprudent, the thoughtless Selima.

While they were deeply engaged in conversation, a gentle rap at the door surprised them; on opening it, the servant of Miss Pedigree appeared. Her lady had roused by a few peevish expressions, an irritable temper. She had been all day on the point of divulging the secret to Lady Hubert; the occurrences of the evening determined her to be the first to expose her frail-confiding mistress, hoping, by that means, to free herself from the imputation of being accessory to her imprudence. From her they learnt, that the monster who had seduced her lady, was a member of the peerage, though his conduct was an indelible disgrace to the family from which he sprang, and to the rank which he bore; that he was the unworthy husband of an amiable woman, and the guilty father of a virtuous family; that he had been for some days, under pretence of indisposition, the inhabitant of a neighbouring farm house; that his rank was not known, and that the next day was fixed on for his return to London. Having left his home, without informing his lady whither he was gone, it would be necessary for him to be a few days visible in London, in order to account for his absence with more plausibility.

After the loquacious Abigail had related her tale, she arose to retire. Mr. Selby severely reprehended her for not having earlier informed Lady Hubert of the whole

whole transaction, and concluded by desiring her never to mention the least circumstance of it to any other person.

The next morning, we have before seen, that Mr. Ormsby was summoned to the presence of Lord Hubert. As he entered the chamber Lady Hubert quitted it. After a little preparatory conversation, Lord Hubert peremptorily insisted on the marriage being solemnized within the week, or that he should consider all connections between them broken for ever.

Ormsby replied, that as he at present felt no sentiments for Miss Pedigree, beyond those of a common acquaintance, he must excuse him for saying, that he could not think of marrying her till he found his heart more sensible of her attractions. Lord Hubert, who had been wrought on by his lady, gave way to the spleen, with which she had inspired him. He bestowed on Ormsby a copious share of virulent language, very little of which he condescended to answer. At length he told him, that if he despised his friendship, he should *feel* his enmity.

Unable to comprehend the meaning of so strange a menace, Ormsby quitted him, and went in pursuit of the Baronet, whom he found in the library. It was an unfortunate moment, for he was calculating all the advantages which would arise from the completion of his favourite project. When the tale his son related struck, as with a magic talisman, his air-built fabric to the ground—he, poor old man, trembled with disappointment and vexation. “George,” said he, “your strange dislike to Selima Pedigree will bring disgrace and ruin upon my latter days.” “Know, sir,” cried George, in tones of astonishment, “I do not understand you!” “I have ever been,” replied Sir James, “unwilling to distress you, by relating that which you could not remedy. When the title of Dewberry was solicited for your deceased brother, it run me into many unavoidable expences, and I was before that much embar-

passed in my pecuniary affairs, Lord Hubert generously assisted me with a loan of ten thousand pounds. The marriage in question was then agreed on, and the money was to continue as part of Miss Pedigree's portion. The great partiality which Lord Hubert has ever entertained for you, led him cheerfully to enter into any project likely to ensure success to our future views. Our hopes are blighted, his pride is wounded; I have every thing to fear from his enmity, for though a warm friend, I know he is, when offended, an implacable enemy. He will, most likely, instantly demand the payment of his bond. If he should rigidly exact it, it will plunge me into difficulties that I shall never surmount." "Dear, sir," cried George, "we can retrench our expences and retire to a cheaper habitation." "What!" cried Sir James, in extreme perturbation, "leave the abode of my youth, the mansion of my forefathers, where every object reminds me of the antiquity of my race, of the hospitality of my ancestors, and become a wanderer, a vagabond, an exile from my hereditary home." "Oh heaven! forbid," cried George, "that any act of mine should ever make you so, I would do any thing in nature to save you from disappointment, but *wed* a woman whom I *cannot* love."

The Baronet did not answer, and his son, overcome by contrariety of emotions, rushed into the garden, where, we have before seen he met the interesting Catharine. Mr. Selby saw his friend from a window, and conjecturing that some explanation had taken place between the Baronet and his son, which had equally distressed both; he gladly obeyed a summons which he received from the former, and attended him in the library, where, after an hours conversation, he had the pleasure to leave him more reconciled to his disappointment.

The Pedigrees, in the mean time, departed without any explanation, and scarce deigned to return the common courtesies of good breeding to Sir James, who
attended

attended them to their carriage. At dinner, Sir James seemed to breathe in another atmosphere; all the late restraint which had so visibly appeared in his behaviour to Catharine, was entirely vanished, and he treated her with the same good humoured familiarity as on her first visit to the manor. After the cloth was removed, Catharine again strolled into the garden to take, as she there imagined, a long, long farewell of her favourite walks. The rustic temple was not forgotten; but scarcely had she entered it, before Ormsby again appeared. "Will you forgive me, Miss Selby," said he, "for again intruding on your solitude!" "I did not come to continue any time here," said Catharine, "but merely to take a farewell view of this charming scene." "A farewell view!" replied Ormsby, "And do you, indeed, leave us to-morrow?" "Most assuredly," was the reply, after a pause of a moment, in which Ormsby seemed irresolute in what manner to proceed. He resumed the conversation which Mr. Selby had interrupted in the morning; after enumerating those circumstances with which our readers are already acquainted, he concluded by observing, "The hurry of spirits which you this morning witnessed, proceeded from the anxiety for my father's peace—the bare idea of reducing him to distress, is horribly afflictive; yet I cannot make concessions to people I despise, or unite my fate to a woman whose principles I abhor." He paused.—"Never," cried Catharine, "did I know, till now, the value of wealth.—Would to heaven I possessed the power, how willingly would I exert it to free your father from such distressing embarrassments."

Certain it was, that Ormsby had not then intended to explain to Catharine the sentiments with which she had inspired him; but there was just then such a sweet softness in the voice and manner of Catharine, as induced him, without reserve, to open his whole heart to the mistress that presided over it! Catharine was superior to the light trifling which characterises too many

her sex on similar occasions. To be the *free*, the *honoured* choice of such a heart as Ormsby's, raised her higher in her own estimation than she had ever stood before; her sentiments of him were not such as she need conceal, nor did she attempt to do it.

When pressed by him to allow an intercourse by letters, she replied, "that if he would gain Sir James's consent, and that of her brother." Ormsby shook his head. "Time," said Catharine, "may work miracles; do not let us give our friends reason to complain of our conduct towards them—the practice of dissimulation would not add to *your* security or *my* repose." Ormsby looked grave and disappointed." "Be satisfied," continued Catharine, "with an assurance, that I will tenderly cherish the heart you have given me; honoured by your choice, rich in your affections, I shall indulge the fond hope that time, aided by the energies of your own mind, will enable you to surmount all the difficulties that at present surround you; and trust me the sweet beams of serenity will yet gild the evening of your father's days!" "Dear consoling, but too prudent Catharine," cried Ormsby, "your sweetness, your candour, your tenderness, bind me to you by ties so firm, so indissoluble, that nothing but death can ever disunite; but promise me, Catharine," cried he, "earnestly, solemnly promise me, that you will one day be *mine*." "Many things may intervene," replied Catharine, "to prevent the completion of such a promise—but this I most readily aver, that I will *never* be another's." At her request they then returned to the house, the evening passed serenely pleasant, and the next morning they set out for Clayfield, where they arrived without accident or delay.

In the meantime Lord Hubert Pedigree took the necessary steps for the recovery of his bond. Happily Ormsby found fewer difficulties than he had expected in arranging his father's affairs, who left it entirely to his management. When the matter became public, a gentleman

tleman in the neighbourhood, who highly valued the character of Ormsby, generously enabled him to clear himself from the obligations he lay under to the Pedigrees. The deluded Selima shortly after eloped from the protecting roof of her fond mistaken parents, with a young adventurer, thrown, it was said, purposely in her way, by the wretch who had first lured her from the path of peace. When Sir James heard of this transaction, he congratulated his son on his fortunate escape from a union with so unprincipled a woman. "I think I see the magnet to which your heart points," cried he,—"go to your amiable Catharine, and tell her I am a convert to a principle I have long thought that I could never adopt. It is *this*—that VIRTUE is the truest *parent* of NOBILITY."

It is needless to say, that George Ormsby gladly availed himself of the Baronet's permission to visit his lovely friend. He travelled post to Clayfield, nor left the cottage till he had prevailed on Mr. Selby and Catharine to return with him to the manor, where Sir James received them with unfeigned pleasure and affection. In *his* presence, they soon after received the *nuptial benediction*. Mr. Selby, at the earnest request of Sir James, left his cottage and became again an inmate at the manor. Mr. and Mrs. Ormsby were a blessing to their family, the delight of their friends, and a bright example of conjugal felicity to all that came within the sphere of their attraction. They scattered, with liberal hands, the blessings of benevolence round the habitations of virtuous indigence; they shunned the haunts of dissipation, avoided the dwellings of luxury, and reared their felicity on the firm basis of rectitude and self-esteem. Their well-ordered home was the habitation of repose—the voice of discord never disturbed their serenity; in short, they flourished long in tender bliss, and reared a numerous offspring, lovely like themselves, and good, "THE GRACE OF ALL THE COUNTRY ROUND."

EXTRACT

EXTRACT
OF A
TREATISE FROM LUCIAN,
ENTITLED,
"HOW TO WRITE HISTORY."

TRANSLATED BY W. MUDFORD.

HISTORY differs greatly from poetry. The poet requires the aid of the gods. When he would draw Agamemnon, he must have the head and eyes of Jupiter, the breast of Neptune, and the buckler of Mars; but the historian must paint Philip one-eyed as he was.

Alexander threw into the Hydaspes the history of Aristobulus, who had represented him as achieving exploits which he never did, and added, he might rejoice that he did not throw him in also.

There are historians who imagine they afford great pleasure to a prince, by depreciating the worth of his enemies. Achilles would have been less great had he not conquered a Hector.

Another fills his history with trifling details, such as a soldier and an artisan walking through the camp together; another employs his time in giving tedious descriptions of the dress or the arms of a general, and when he comes to any great incident, he is entirely silent. Others think to attract the wonderful by things utterly void of truth, such as prodigious wounds and incredible deaths.

The one rises, sometimes, to the most poetic phraseology, and then all at once degenerates to the basest expressions. It is like a man who has a buskin laced on the one foot, and on the other a plain sandal.

Another minutely describes the most trifling circumstances, and passes slightly over those of actual import.

These are the principal faults into which an historian is apt to fall; now the following are the great requisites which are required.

The two most necessary, are a just estimation of the things of the world, and an agreeable expression. The first

first is a gift of heaven, the other is to be acquired by great labour and a thorough knowledge of the ancients.

It is necessary that an historian should have seen an army of soldiers drawn up in array, that is, a wing, a van, battalions, instruments of war, &c. &c. for without it he cannot represent it to the eyes of others.

Above all, he must be unbiassed, fearing or hoping nothing. Superior to every kind of recompense, and shewing respect to no particular persons, but an equitable and impartial umpire, without country or master.

He should represent things as they are, without exaggeration or disguise, as he is not a poet but a narrator; and, consequently, responsible for that which he relates. In a word, let him adhere to truth, and not only have in view the mutable praises bestowed in this life, but regard that of posterity. Let him imitate the Egyptian architect, who put on the plaister the name of the king who employed him, but beneath it his own, well knowing that the one would fall, whilst his name would remain eternally on the stone.

Alexander was heard to say, more than once, "Oh that I could live more than three or four hundred years hence, that I might hear what men say of me."

Let not his style be flatulent and metaphorical, but rather easy and familiar; for though an adherence to veracity is requisite, yet a just delineation of things is more so, therefore, let the general expression be clear and perspicuous. For though an historian should breathe the pure spirit of liberty and truth, yet ought, also, his chief aim to be perspicuity. In a word, that every one may understand, and the learned praise it, let not the diction be too far fetched or too common.

But yet it is necessary that an historian should have some poetical ideas when he would describe a battle, armies preparing for the encounter, or vessels in actual engagements. It is then (to make use of the expression) that he is in want of a poetic gale to swell the sails and irritate the sea; but let not his style be even then too inflated.

He

He must be cautious from whom he takes his memoirs, and consult only those whom he does not suspect of either partiality or hatred.

When he would make a collection of valuable memoirs, he must first reject the trifling ones, and then form an aggregation of the most incontestible.

Like the Jupiter of Homer, an historian should have his eyes on all sides, and see equally that which passes on either side of the enemy.

He should be as a mirror pure and un sullied, which represents things as they are, and gives nothing of its own, but reflects ingenuously the object. He should not study how *he* would say it, but *how* it *actually* was said.

His narrative should not want method, but should follow in regular succession.

He should be aware not to expatiate too much in description. Witness Homer, who conveys in a little such beautiful ideas, and who was above all others in that respect. But yet Thucydides was not too long in his description of the plague. Reflect on the importance of the subject; *he* would fly it, but *it* stops him in spite of himself.

He should feel himself an orator in his harangues, according to those of whom he speaks.

He should be brief and circumspect in his dictions, but never be a calumniator. He should always, when possible, act upon demonstration, and when not, from the most incontestible authority.

These are the principal requisites required in an HISTORIAN.

THE DRAMA.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

TUESDAY, JULY 30. **A** New Comedy, entitled SIGHS, was introduced to the notice and approbation of the public. It is taken from KOTZEBUE,
th

the German dramatist, who is now become the fashionable source of most of our entertainments.

CHARACTERS.

| | |
|------------------------|------------------------|
| Von Snarl | <i>Mr. Suett</i> |
| Leopold | <i>Mr. Barrymore</i> |
| Adelbert | <i>Mr. C. Kemble</i> |
| Totum | <i>Mr. Farwett</i> |
| Hans William | <i>Mr. Palmer</i> |
| Nicolas | <i>Mr. Chippendale</i> |
| Louisa | <i>Mrs. Gibbs</i> |
| Josephina | <i>Miss De Camp</i> |
| Mrs. Rose | <i>Mrs. Davenport</i> |
| Ellen | <i>Mrs. Bland.</i> |

Such are the respective characters of this new drama—we now proceed to the story on which it is founded.

Leopold indulges to excess his grief for the loss of a wife, withdraws from the world, and admits not to his society even his daughter *Louisa*. She, longing to be admitted to her father's presence, contrives to be introduced as the housekeeper's daughter into the family of *Von Snarl*, *Leopold's* brother, with whom he resides. Here *Adelbert*, a young Polish emigrant, of respectability, engages her affections, and at the same time she receives the addresses of *Totum*, *Von Snarl's* head clerk, whom she rejects. Circumstances of a peculiar nature involving *Adelbert* in suspicion, the explanation ends in favour of *Leopold*, and an union with *Louisa*.

The scene lies in Germany, in the house of *Von Snarl*, whose daughter, *Josephina*, and *Hans William*, form an attachment to each other—and at the close of the piece the marriage is finally completed.

The chief merit of this play consists in its delineating great simplicity of manners. For this trait *Kotzebue* is distinguished; and Mr. Hoare, the reputed editor, has not suffered it to be lost in preparing it for the English stage. The characters of *Leopold*, *Adelbert*, and *Louisa*, display conjugal affection and filial piety. *Totum*, the clerk, is a highly comic genius, continually ringing changes on the technicals of the compting-house, which circumstance

circumstance relieves the graver parts of the comedy.—The attempts at wit, indeed, do not always succeed, but they cannot, in general, be denied the praise of neatness. This humorous character resembles, in some measure, the famous *Dr. Pangloss*; for which similarity we are most probably indebted to the English editor, who thus thought of rendering it the more acceptable to the British public.

Mrs. *Bland* sang an enchanting air, which was loudly encored. The dresses are new and handsome. *Sighs* constitute the burden of the *Prologue*, and this is almost the only part of the play in which we discern the propriety of the application.

We were gratified by several spirited allusions to the unhappy *fate of Poland*, trampled to the ground by the hoof of tyranny; and also to the *Slave Trade*, which still continues to press with an intolerable load poor humanity. The approbation with which these passages were received by the audience, affords a pleasing proof that the milk of human kindness has not yet ceased to flow in the veins of Britons!

AUG. 5. A Farce, entitled *GANDER HALL*, was brought forward this evening, for the benefit of Mrs. *Gibbs*, and was, on the whole, well received.

Sir Gregory and Lady Gander, a queer old couple, endeavour to bestow the hand of their daughter Caroline, on Lord Froth, to the injury of her real lover Raymond. The intention is confounded by the management of Bustle, a chattering hair-dresser, whose devices prove the means of producing a great variety of laughable situations. The *first* act is preferable to the *second*—though both are capable of improvements. *Sir Gregory*, *Lady Gander*, *Lord Froth*, and *Bustle*, convey by their names the very kind of characters they sustain. There is much humour in the piece, and it contributed in a considerable measure to our entertainment. In the failing of any scheme which tends to disappoint *virtuous love*, we rejoice, and on this account we were pleased in many respects with the varieties of this theatrical effusion.

THE
PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR AUGUST, 1799.

TO SPRING.

[*From the Italian of Metastasio.*]

ALREADY shakes the infant spring
Its violet-enamel'd wing,
And the little western breeze
Plays in the grass and fans the trees;
The shrub expands with vernal leaves,
The mead its flowery garb receives,
Apollo's beams no more impart
To me serenity of heart.

Phœbus melts from dazzled sight,
The snow upon the mountain's height;
He gives the herbal kingdom birth,
To clothe again the desert earth.
The placid brook is tumid found,
And spreads its little deluge round;
Its waves dissolv'd all sportive stray,
To make the rural margin gay.

The aged oaks, of horrid shade,
In which are Alpine hills array'd,
Of hoary locks their branches bare,
And deck their heads with verdant hair.
A thousand trembling florets yield
Their sweets to scent each rival field;
Which, yet in native wildness drest,
No cruel farmer's cares molest.

From scorching *Æthiopia's* sand,
See return'd the swallow-band,
Ocean-travel'd, tired they rest,
In their ancient well-built nest :
While they winged their towering flight,
No pendent nets assail'd their sight;
Thro' *Æther* did they swiftly go,
Blind to snares and future woe.

The beauteous rustic, love confessing,
And serener joys possessing,
Sits with her accustom'd care
Behind a rill, to curl her hair.
The sheep enjoy the laughing mead,
The fisher hastes, with cheerful speed,
To leave the shore—the traveller's song
Sounds jocund as they trudge along.

The sailor, who the tempest braves,
And lives the puppet of the waves,
Landed on his native shore,
Thinks his watery troubles o'er :
But calm and placid now he sees,
And hastes to trust the faithless seas,
Nor knows he to recall again
The stormy horrors of the main.

But thou hast, nymph, my peace delay'd,
Nor ever strove to give me aid ;
As if the flame that burns my rest,
You had not kindled in my breast :
But if I can release my heart
From all this old, and constant smart,
My feet shall never stray again,
Subject to thy golden chain.

While musing on thy matchless mien,
Beneath the laurel's shade unseen,
My hopeless passion oft have told
The clashings of these chains of gold :
But if thou be yet more severe,
Disdain her chilly rage shall rear,
To whom this magic power belongs,
" To vindicate a lover's wrongs."

Ah ! no, my love, forgive these strains,
Disdainful render'd by my pains ;
They are but the laments of woe,
That faithful love alone can know :
If thy soul approve my sighs,
Or if thy sterner heart despise ;
Whether thou be cruel or kind,
Still thou holdst the sceptre of my mind.

OWEN COURTENAY.

REFLECTIONS

ON

REVISITING A VILLAGE.

HAIL, peaceful village ! thou delightful scene
Of all my boyish sports ! Sweet rural spot,
Which memory, " Parent of th' ideal hosts,"
And contemplation, heaven-born nymph, oft love
In magic tints to picture !

Hail ye shades
Of academe ! where many a live-long hour
My daily task I've conn'd, anxious to hear
The clock strike twelve, glad sound of liberty.
Amid your haunts my infant mind put forth
Its earliest germs, beneath the fostering hand
Of him, whose heart with honest pride would glow,
What time with pleasure-sparkling eyes he view'd
(Sweet recompence for all his cares, his toils !)
Scions of genius blossom fair around.
There E——, lov'd companion of my youth !
We panted up the steep ascent that leads
To wisdom's sacred temple ; there the flowers
Of classic lore we cull'd.

Thrice happy days !
When through the verdant, sweetly-winding paths
Of yonder garden, where luxuriant bloom
Pomona's stores, with nimble feet I stray'd,
And dulcet raspberries pluck'd.

L 1 2

Lo there the ash,
 Beneath whose leafy canopy reclin'd,
 The songs of Tityrus, the Mantuan swain,
 And the Mæonian bard's mellifluent strains,
 Full oft have I perus'd. Where sterile weeds
 And waving grass yon crumbling wall o'ertop,
 Erst in my vacant hours a little spot
 I us'd to cultivate; but ah! how oft
 Hath some malicious cow my floral hopes
 All, all destroy'd! Misfortune to endure,
 Is man's peculiar destiny, and pain
 Embitters e'en the halcyon days of youth.
 On the green margin of yon sedge lake
 Listless I sat, and watch'd the sportive frogs,
 Or mark'd the pebble on the smooth expanse,
 Increasing circles form.

In the low cot,
 That peeps between those ivied church-yard elms,
 An aged matron dwelt, whose toys and tarts
 Mine eyes attracted, tempting me t' exhaust
 My slender purse. How chang'd the scene! Time was
 When many an adage the deceipt dame,
 With grave demeanor spoke, and with events
 Of years long past, each listening elf amus'd.
 But now, alas! her clay-cold limbs enshrin'd,
 Beneath this hillock sleep the sleep of death!—
 Nine times the tenants of yon leafy bower,
 With descants shrill have hail'd the spring's return,
 Since first I gambol'd on this daïsied green
 With joyous heart, and "urg'd the flying ball."
 Hail, peaceful village! These thy sylvan scenes
 A deep memento on my soul impress;
 These bid me mark with what unnotic'd speed
 Weeks, months, and years roll round; these bid me
 mark,
 How soon dissolve the fairest, fondest hopes,
 And trancing spells, that charm life's rosy morn.

W. CASE, JUN.

TO MY SLEEPING INFANT.

THE ponderous clouds one vast mass forming,
On the plains their waters pour;
Dreadful winds the heart appalling,
Through the leafy woodlands roar.

Hark! that awful peal of thunder!
Yet again how loud it breaks!
Vivid light'nings flame through æther,
And earth to its foundation shakes;

Yet amidst this wild commotion,
While terror every sense alarms,
Sweetly sleeps my infant cherub,
Cradled in his mother's arms.

My dearest—may thy future slumbers
Be sweet, serene, and pure as snow;
Nor guilt, nor fierce remorse pursue thee,
To raise a furrow on thy brow.

And when life's tempests howl around thee,
And care invades thy youthful breast,
Should love betray, or friendship wound thee,
May reason soothe thy woes to rest!

Still may her silent dictates teach thee
Truth and virtue's peerless ways;
Then smiling 'midst the threaten'd danger,
Peace shall crown my WILLIAM's days.

Ipsworth.

A. K.

LINES

INSCRIBED ON A BOWER AT HACKNEY.

THE carpenter's ingenious touch we find,
With rich ambrosial foliage here combin'd;
The gay Laburnum's hanging blossom spreads,
And varied lilacs nod their fragrant heads;

By art entwin'd, and powerful nature's warm
 Injunction reconcil'd, an arch to form;
 Oh ! blest retreat ! with qualities endued,
 For social mirth or pleasing solitude,
 Or to indulge beneath the od'rous breeze,
 In gentle slumber or in learned ease ;
 Or with a kindred mind, at dusk to steal,
 T'unlock the soul and tender thoughts reveal.

Hackney.

F.

THE HAYMAKERS.

HOW cheerful the haymakers are,
 How jocund they labour and toil ;
 There seems neither sorrow nor care,
 Their pleasures to injure or spoil.

Their labour's enliven'd by mirth,
 And each rustic's his fav'rite lass ;
 Hills and valleys re-echo their song,
 Whilst they merrily turn up the grass.

Content in their bosoms resides,
 And all its sweet charms doth impart ;
 Sweet peace ! its soft influence sheds,
 To calm and enlighten each heart.

No ambition their quiet invades,
 But cheerful the hours they employ ;
 And health in each face doth appear,
 Attended with gay-smiling joy !

Pontefract.

JUVENIS.

TO
 THE MEMORY
 OF AN
 OLD AND WORTHY SERVANT.

'TIS not the rich man's passing knell I hear,
 Nor yet for pamper'd wealth I drop the tear,
 'Tis humble merit, join'd with Dimfdale's name,
 "A man unknown to honour, wealth, or fame."
 Oft as I hied me forth at early dawn,
 His aged form I've view'd on yonder lawn,
 Bending with anxious brow and greyest locks,
 O'er the sharpe scythe, or nicely figur'd box;
 But this is past—for he his race has run,
 And ended life as guiltless as begun.
 His age was great—his worth was greater still,
 But now he's gone to do his Maker's will;
 Stranger! o'er *his* cold grave I pray thee rest,
 And learn to live, that *you* in death be blest.

Hertford, 1799. S. W.

IMITATION

OF

Xth ODE, IVth BOOK OF HORACE.

BE not too fond of beauty's sway,
 Nor take delight to pain my breast;
 For time shall chace each charm away,
 Of every grace that form divest.

Tho' now thy aspect heavenly fair,
 And sparkling eyes all hearts engage;
 The bloom of youth shall disappear,
 And fall a prey to ruthless age.

Those locks, that down thy taper waist
 In jetty ringlets wanton wave;
 A few more fleeting seasons past,
 And they another hue shall have.

Then wilt thou sigh (when in thy glass
 Each alter'd grace thou see'st) and say,
 Where are my wonted charms, alas!
 Ah! where is beauty's boasted sway?
St. John Street.

C. W.

POOR MARY.

AS I wander at midnight in distress o'er the wild,
 My bosom expos'd to the wind,
 The tears dew my cheeks, for I'm poverty's child,
 And fortune, alas! is unkind.

The winter's chill blast I am doom'd to endure,
 As friendless, unshelter'd I roam;
 Nor e'en from the snow-storm is Mary secure,
 For Mary's bereft of her home.

Then blest be the tear kind pity may start,
 Or sympathy bid to proceed;
 Uncheck'd let it flow, for it flows from the heart
 Where mercy should reign, tis decreed.

W. M.

SONNET TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

ILL fated bird! why is thy sweetest lay,
 Thus pour'd upon th' unconscious "ear of night,"
 What power, with purest intellective ray,
 Directed hither thy mysterious flight?
 Dost thou behold the follies of this life,
 With a severe and philosophic eye?
 And thus evade the lawless scene of strife,
 For silence and for solitude to fly?
 Ah! fain would fancy ever with thee go,
 And listen to thy melancholy strain;
 Would mourn thy wrongs, would mitigate thy pain—
 Sole partner of thy joys, sole partner of thy woes.
 Thus from the world estrang'd, from vice and folly free,
 I'd weep the ills of life, and ever dwell with thee.

CIVIS.

TO S. C. S.

LET your own worth my pardon plead,
While in my eyes you daily read
What language must not, cannot speak;
Can you disdain these tearful eyes,
This heavy heart, furcharg'd with sighs,
That countless from my bosom break.

Ah! no; a heart attun'd like thine,
In which the softest graces shine,
Will pity when it can't relieve;
And when aspiring hope it chills,
Will sooth where tyrant beauty kills,
And blunt the edge of its award.

In this sweet hope my soul shall rest,
And tho' it never can be blest'd
With more than pity's balmy dew;
That kind compassion deep impress'd,
Shall stamp thy image on my breast,
And seal the love and honour due.

In vain will distance intervene,
And time conspire with change of scene,
My fix'd attachment to erase;
Nor beauty's charms, nor fortune's smile,
Shall e'er my heart from thee beguile,
Or check its fond its fervent blaze.

My last expiring day shall see,
The tend'rest wishes dwell on thee;
And when the embers cease to burn,
E'en when I close my dying eyes,
I'll bear thy mem'ry to the skies,
And my first thoughts to thee shall turn.

W. H.

FROM AN ELEGY TO THE MEMORY OF THE
REV. WILLIAM MASON.

MARK from its height the solemn organ breathe;
'Twas HIS own hand that plac'd the music there:
Lilt to the infant choir that chaunts beneath;
'Twas HIS own task their early song to rear.

Behold the white-rob'd minister of heav'n,
(Such was he once!) the hallow'd rites begin;
Tell of the grave subdued, a Saviour giv'n,
Life without end, and bliss unstain'd by sin.

Hark! heard you not the grating chords withdrawn?
Then fought mortality her last abode;
There waits the blush of that eternal dawn,
Which "bids the pure in heart behold their God."

Hark! "Earth to earth"—the lifted spade behold!
With list'ning awe behold each face o'erspread!—
With fullen sound, the emblematic mould
Drops on the hollow mansion of the dead!

"Ashes to ashes"—yet again the sound!
Accordant groans from every breast reply;
"Dust to—" in sobs the falling voice is drown'd,
The bursting sorrows stream from every eye.

Clos'd be the funeral scene! On seraph wing
Let hope the dead pursue to realms above;
View him to meet his blest MARIA spring,
Nor fear the agonies of sever'd love.

For hope was his, and faith's celestial ray:
Faith could the gloom of sever'd love assuage;
Brighten'd in manhood's golden prime the lay*;
And warm'd, with holy flame, the song of age†.

* See the Elegy on the Death of a Lady.

† See the Sonnets on the Anniversary of his Birth Day, 1795 and 1796, a third on the Anniversary in the last year (February 23) was communicated by him to some of his friends. The author was then seventy-two.

His breast of lawless anarchy the foe,
 For Britain swell'd with freedom's patriot zeal *;
 Nor thus confin'd, for every clime would glow,
 And in a slave's a brother's wrong could feel :
 Could feel, o'er Afric's race when avarice spread
 Her bloody wing, and shook in scorn the chain ;
 While justice, hand in hand by mercy led,
 To Christian senates cried, and cried in vain !
 Now their new guest the sacred hosts include,
 They who on earth with kindred lustre shone ;
 Whom love of God to love of man subdu'd,
 Nor pride nor avarice fear'd the heart to stone.
 There shall he join the bards, whose hallow'd aim,
 Sought from the dross of earth the soul to raise ;
 Disdain'd the meed of perishable fame,
 And sunk the poet's in the Christian's praise.
 There, 'mid empyreal light shall hail his GRAY ;
 There MILTON thron'd in peerless glory see ;
 The wreath that flames on THOMSON's brow survey,
 The brighter crown that, COWPER, waits for thee !

SONG,

FROM THE IRISH.

THOU dear seducer of my heart !
 Fond cause of every struggling sigh !
 No more can I conceal love's smart,
 No more restrain the ardent eye.
 What, though this tongue did never move
 To tell thee all its master's pain ;
 My eyes, my looks have spoke my love,
 My charmer ! shall they speak in vain ?
 My fond imagination warm,
 Presents thee at the noon-tide beam ;
 And sleep gives back thy angel form,
 To clasp thee in the midnight dream.

* See the Secular Ode on the Anniversary of the Revolution.

Elvina, tho' no splendid store,
 I boast a venal heart to move,
 Yet, charmer! I am far from poor,
 For I am more than rich in LOVE.
 Pulse of my beating heart! shall all
 My hopes of thee and peace be fled?
 Unheeded wilt thou hear my fall?
 Unpitied wilt thou see me dead?
 I'll make a cradle of my breast,
 Thy image all its child shall be;
 My throbbing heart shall rock to rest
 Those cares which waste thy life and me.

A.

SONNET

TO THE MOON.

○ THOU bright orb, with borrowed light so fair,
 Now rising o'er a slumbering world again,
 With what a kind and unremitting care,
 Thou lookest down upon the sons of men.
 How oft with Delia have I seen thee rise,
 Tow'ring sublimely thro' the boundless skies;
 And heard the song of Philomel—but when
 Together shall we more behold thy ray,
 And hear the lover-soothing warbler sing,
 Oh! never!—she is mouldering fast to clay:
 And very soon these eyes shall lose thy light,
 Nor longer see the ruddy morning bring,
 The dazzling monarch of the gladsome day;
 For sun and moon shall sink in everlasting Night!

August 1st.

ORLANDO.

Literary Review.

The Life of Catharine II. Empress of Russia; with Seven Portraits, elegantly engraved: and a correct Map of the Russian Empire. In Three Volumes. The Second Edition, with considerable Improvements.
Longman and Rees.

THIS female sovereign has long attracted the attention of Europe, and now she is removed to the regions of the dead, her character may be fully investigated. This task is performed by the author of this work, who shews that he is well acquainted with the subject.

It cannot be expected that we enter into the detail of the history of this extraordinary woman—her talents for government are well known—she was possessed of all that art and cunning necessary to keep a large multitude in subjection. Means, however, were occasionally employed which no honest mind would have adopted.

We shall lay before our readers an extract or two, by which they will be able to judge of the manner in which the work is executed. It is a performance of merit, with the perusal of which we were much entertained. The ascension of Catharine to the throne, was attended with the *murder* of her husband, Peter III. an account of which is in the first volume largely detailed. The Empress was deemed necessary to the business, though an hypocritical proclamation was sent forth on the occasion.

In the *second* volume we meet with the following curious account of CATHARINE:

VOL. VII.

M m

“An

“ An impartial observer who saw the empress in 1772 and 1773, describes her in the following manner: “ She is of that stature which is necessarily requisite to perfect elegance of form in a lady. She has fine large blue eyes; her eyebrows and hair are of a brownish colour; her mouth is well-proportioned, the chin round, the nose rather long; the forehead regular and open, her hands and arms round and white, her complexion not entirely clear, and her shape rather plump than meagre; her neck and bosom high, and she bears her head with peculiar grace and dignity. She lays on, as is universally the custom with the fair sex in Russia, a pretty strong rouge. She has adopted the usual habit of the Russian ladies as the model of her dress, which, by some slight alterations in it, she has so improved, that it is not only very becoming, but may very properly be deemed an elegant mode of attire. She never puts on rich clothes except on solemn festivals; when her head and corset are entirely set with brilliants; in grand processions she wears a crown of diamonds and precious stones.—Her gait is majestic; in the whole of her form and manner there is something so dignified and noble, that if she were to be seen, without ornament or any outward marks of distinction, among a great number of ladies of rank, she would be immediately esteemed the chief. There is withal, in the features of her face and in her looks, an uncommon degree of authority and command. In her character there is more of liveliness than gravity. She is courteous, gentle, beneficent; outwardly devout.

“ Her ordinary method of life, in which she has almost always persevered, was, at that time, this: about six o'clock in the morning the empress usually rises. Frequently, and even in the depth of winter (nay, in the latter years of her life almost commonly) earlier. She uses, without calling any one, to prepare her own breakfast; and in general she is not fond of being much waited on, and accordingly dispenses with all attendance on her person as much as possible. The business of her toilet lasts not long; during which she signs commissions, orders, and papers of various purport. On days when the council does not meet in her apartments, she is busied alone in the cabinet from eight till eleven in the forenoon; she then usually goes to chapel, where the service continues till twelve. From this time till one, some of the mi-

nisters of the several departments have access to her. After the table is removed, to which she sits down at latest at about half after one, she goes to work again for an hour or two, according as business may require; she then walks, rides on horseback, or goes out in a coach or sledge; and at six her majesty appears at the play-house, where the performances are alternately in French and Russian. If the empress takes her supper in public (which happens extremely seldom) it never continues later than half after ten; at other times she retires at ten.

"The only court-day in the whole week, holidays excepted, is Sunday. On this day, in the morning, as the empress passes from chapel to her apartments, she gives the ambassadors and foreigners of rank who have been once presented, her hand to kiss; likewise such persons as have any petition to present, or desire to return thanks for bounties received, are presented on this day to the empress, and kiss her hand, dropping on one knee.—The court begins not till six o'clock in the evening. At the same time a ball or concert is usually given: the empress never dances, but sits down immediately to cards, having previously told the chamberlain in waiting whom she will have of her party. In autumn 1772, it was commonly the Austrian and Prussian ministers, and of her own ministers count Razumoffsky, prince Gallitzin, and the two counts Chernicheff. The empress plays at piquet, or some other game at which she is not obliged to be constantly silent. A semicircle is formed round her card-table, which the ladies begin on the left hand, and the privy-counsellors close on the right. When the empress has finished her game, she gets up and talks indiscriminately with the ladies, generals, and ministers that form the circle. At about ten o'clock, and often earlier, she breaks up her party, and then retires unobserved through a side-door. What has been here mentioned, relates only to the winter months, when the court is at St. Petersburg. While the empress is at Tzarskofselo there is no court held except on extraordinary festivals.

"Of civil processes, criminal and consistorial causes, the empress allows nothing to be referred to her in the hours of the forenoon allotted to confer with the minister. Yet no person can be condemned to death without previous information delivered to her: this punishment is almost always commuted

or mitigated. But all matters relating to the army, the navy, the finances, to foreign affairs, the taxes, and public buildings, must be reported to her by the chiefs of the several departments.—Every one knows that the empress is made acquainted with whatever concerns the administration of government, and acts from herself in all state affairs.—As she never interferes in private matters and the family concerns of her household, she has always time enough for business of a public nature; especially as she regularly and uniformly apportions the hours of her day to the accurate interchange of writing, conversation, exercise, and company. In constitution she is healthy and robust; her mind is tranquil, cheerful, and always disposed to business."

That we might not be accused of prejudice against this singular heroine, we will conclude with an account of her conduct, which shews great wisdom, and with which the liberal reader will be pleased.

"The spirit of toleration that animated the whole of Catharine's administration, was a very remarkable and most singular phenomenon in a despotic government. Notwithstanding all opposition, the Empress was true to the resolution she formed at the commencement of her reign; and, from that moment to the day of her death, not one instance occurred of a human being suffering, in any respect whatever, on account of his religious opinions. Not only the conquered provinces were protected in the free exercise of their religion, but Lutherans, Calvinists, Moravian brethren, Papists, Mahomedans, heathens, and people of all countries and persuasions might aspire to any post under government, and hold any civil or military employment or dignity, if they were but worthy, or deemed worthy of it. The intolerant of more polished nations might go to the provinces of Esthonia, Livonia, Finland, and Russia, to take lessons of moderation and Christian forbearance. But at Petersburg the general and peculiar feature in the public character is toleration; a virtue which, in some sense, has long since taken root in the nation at large, but in the residence, from the confluence of such numbers of people of various persuasions, and the most diversified systems of faith, of the most dissimilar manners, customs, opinions, and prejudices, has acquired so general and extensive a sway, that certainly

tainly it is not easy to find a spot of earth upon the globe, where, in this respect, a man may more quietly pass his days than at St. Petersburg. It is to be understood, moreover, that the word "toleration" is not here confined to that narrow meaning in which it is usually taken in speaking of an extorted and commanded forbearance in matters of religion, or of the permission for the weaker party to exist by a stated law. The idea here connected with the term includes a voluntary and universally diffused forbearance, in every place, and towards every person, his manner of thinking and acting. It therefore comprehends not only religious, but also political and social toleration, and is remarkable, not as the characteristic of the form of government, but as entirely that of the public*.

"That religious toleration prevails in Russia appears plainly hence, that the great and extensive liberties which the tolerated sects of religion enjoyed under Catharine's protection, no where, either among the populace or the higher classes, never, even among the clergy, excited the smallest discontent or rivalry. Prelates of the Greek church lived with the religious teachers of other confessions of faith in the most friendly and familiar intercourse, and invited them to their tables and converse†; Russian popes, when not in function themselves, occasionally frequented the worship of the protestants, prosecuted their studies in Holland, England, and Germany, where they sometimes attended theological lectures. One instance even occurred of a respectable Russian clergyman giving his daughter to be educated by a Lutheran preacher. Among the laity of the Greek sect of religion, this compatibility naturally pro-

* Storch, *Gemälde von Petersburg*, vol. ii. p. 504.

† The writer of this note recollects with particular pleasure the agreeable hours he has passed at the monastery of St. Alexander Nefsky, with that excellent and amiable metropolitan and archimandrite Gabriel archbishop of St. Petersburg and Novgorod, also with Plato archbishop of Mosco, Eugenius bishop of Pultava, Shezronchevitch, the catholic archbishop of Mohilef, Pamphilief her majesty's confessor, and numbers of the parochial clergy. Nor can he ever forget the hospitable reception and entertainment he received, on a journey, in the depth of winter, from the bishop of Kargapl, at his monastery on the banks of the Svir.

ceeds farther. They appear not only as invited witnesses and sponsors on solemn occasions, but often, in the churches of the foreigners, readily contribute to the support of their churches and schools, put their children to be educated by foreigners, and intermarry with them without hesitation, to whatever communion they may belong. In social intercourse never was any trace of religious party spirit discernible. Conversations in regard to differences in religion were seldom heard; debates on subjects of that nature, never.

Examples of this amiable virtue would have turned to the disgrace of foreigners, had they not strove to follow them. But also among these a mutual toleration and indulgence prevailed, such as is but rarely seen even in the most enlightened countries. Clergymen of all religions lived in the greatest harmony, for the most part on an intimate footing. For several years the reformed and Lutheran preachers held weekly meetings, in order to confer on matters of religion, and the exercise of their duties, and to keep up their union by familiar converse*. This laudable circle was also visited at times by some of the Catholic and Russian clergy. Not many years ago, when the place of preacher to the German reformed congregation was vacant, the librarian of the academy of sciences†, who was a Lutheran, and not in orders, for a long time delivered discourses from the pulpit; and the English chaplain, on similar occasions, has often exhorted the French Calvinist congregation on the festivals of the church‡. It was not unusual for Lutheran preachers to administer the communion to the reformed, and preachers of the latter persuasion have delivered funeral sermons in Lutheran churches. Nay, it once happened that a Lutheran preacher was sponsor to a Catholic child: as he might easily, since the Catholic priest omitted those questions to which the other, according to the system of his church could not answer in the affirmative. Foreigners of

* Alternately at each other's house. They consisted of Mr. Martin Luther Wolff, M. Lampe, M. Grott, M. Reinbott, M. Krokus, M. Reynhold, and the English chaplain.

† M. Busse, editor of the *Peterburgische Journal*, and other works.

‡ Properly speaking, it was on the day after these festivals; otherwise it would have been impossible.

all sects of religion, contracted marriages with each other and with Russians, without attracting the slightest remark. For his religious opinions, in short, however extraordinary, no man had any thing to apprehend from the government or his equals, if he did not attempt to force them upon others, or seek to make profelytes. A great part of the foreigners even lived without professing themselves of any ecclesiastical connection; but no one ever set himself up as an inquisitor into the faith of these independents, and none troubled themselves about them.

“The Empress, not satisfied with having appointed a Catholic archbishop, and established a seminary of Jesuits at Mohilef, and with having supported Islamism in the Crimea, she gave to her people almost every year some solemn instance of the protection she granted to the liberty of worship. On the day of the benediction of the waters*, her confessor, by her orders, invited to his house the ecclesiastics of all communions, and gave them a grand entertainment, which Catharine called the Dinner of Toleration. Accordingly this year, at the same table were seated, the patriarch of Grusinia or Georgia, the archimandrite of St. Petersburg, the bishop of Polotsk, the bishop of Pskove, a Catholic bishop, a prior of the same religion, Franciscans, Jesuits, an Armenian priest, Lutheran preachers, Calvinists, and the English clergyman: in short, here were priests of no less than eight different forms of worship. It has been calculated, that the offices of religion are performed in Petersburg in fourteen different languages.”

We have reason to believe that we are indebted to Mr. William Tooke for these entertaining volumes, who has since favoured the public with another valuable work, entitled *A View of the Russian Empire*, which in our next number shall be duly noticed.

* The 6th of January. It was continued for several years.

The Margate New Guide, or Memoirs of Five Families out of Six; who, in Town, discontent with a good Situation, make Margate the Place of their Summer Migration. With Notes and Occasional Anecdotes.
Dutton. 2s. 6d.

SINCE the publication of *Anstie's Bath Guide*, we have been deluged with *guides* of various kinds, but all of them possessing inferior merit to the incomparable original which suggested these imitations.

The present production is not destitute of wit, and the trifling dissipation of a watering place is happily displayed. Those who frequent Margate will recognize many of the scenes here brought forward, which cannot fail of exciting a smile. Take the following specimen.

LETTER VI.

COUSIN FRED. TO COUSIN TOM.

A list of the principal Associates. Coffee-house chit chat.
The Draper. Saphics. The Milliner. Dactyls.

August 8, 1798.

"DEAR TOM.

"Without preface I think it is best,
To give you the name of each principal guest
Her ladyship visits, as then 'twill be plain,
If hereafter they're mentioned, to know them again.
Miss Grig, Fanny Forté, and Lucy Larghetto,
Combine with *sweet* Ann a most charming quartetto;
And sometimes (but then she ne'er let her mamma
know)

She sends for Mat. Minim, and Polly Piano.
If patience is woman's, her ladyship has it,
To visit the formal Miss Tabitha Tacit;
Who screws up her mouth as if talking would spoil it,
Tho' still a *sheep's* eye casts at little Tim. Toilet.

"Little

"Little Tim's much improv'd, tho' his voice being broke,

Is the medium exact of a roar and a croak;

But strictly observing a hint of aunt Peg's,

Ev'ry morning to swallow a couple of eggs,

I hope will soon set little Tim on his legs.

"In Daniel's acquaintance I also meet mine,

Sir Nicholas Nectar, and Mat Muscadine,

Who are both very eminent dealers in wine;

Sir Tara Tantivy, young Pipe the distiller,

And the handsome young soap-boiler, Bobby Berilla.

"Then my lady has all her acquaintance from Esther,

Here's old Doctor Rhubarb and Lady Magnesia;

His niece Sukey Serina, young Pestle his nephew,

And two such maid servants I'm sure you will see few.

"From these, you may judge (as we seldom go walking)

The coffee-room echoes incessant with talking.

This morning the subjects were merry and brisk,

Miss Grig loved quadrille, and aunt Peg prefer'd *whisk*;

Mat talked a vast deal about pantomime dancers,

The doctor's remarks were on dropsies and cancers;

Miss Tacit just utter'd "Casino" and "Faro;"

Young Bobby said much of D'Egville and Del Caro.

Allegranti,

And Banti,

Benelli,

Morelli,

But nothing could match the bravura of Kelly,

Tim Toilet agreed—and they each took a jelly;

While gracefully jingling the glass and the spoon,

They begg'd Fanny Forté would grant them a tune.

"The good-natur'd creature thought we should prefer to

Their old fashion'd madrigals, Duffex's concerto;

And her mem'ry and taste being much on a par,

She play'd us the whole without missing a bar.

"Bravo!" cried Sir Nic, "'tis uncommonly well!

What softness! and then what a beautiful swell!

Whose

Whose Piano is that, Miss?" "I fancy from Kirckman,

You know we all count him an excellent workman."

"Why true," exclaim'd Mat, "but the true cognoscenti

Prefer those made under the eye of Clementi;

Pray have you his Waltzes? Miss, do me the favour,

The first is delightful."—"Dear sir! I'll endeavour."

(The first being over) "'Tis beautiful reckon'd."

"If 'tis not fatiguing, pray give us the second."

('Tis play'd.) "Very charming," said Bob, "'po' my word."

"'Tis pretty," said Fan, "but don't equal the third."

And now, to please us, having play'd all the best,

She play'd for her own sole amusement the rest;

For Mat having said that the best was the first,

No mortal dar'd hint when she came to the worst.

I seiz'd the first instant I could to escape her,

For five minutes chat with my neighbour the draper;

And much better pleas'd was I there, I confess,

As a lady came in of the quality mews,

And the following saphics adorn'd his address. }

SAPPHICS.

"Boy, sweep the shop; the chocolate prepare, wife;

Here comes the Countess rattling down the high street.

Hark! 'tis her chariot turning round the corner,

Boy, clear the counter.

Madam; permit me, (opening the coach door,

Placing the step, and holding out his elbow;)

Sure the young lady will not like to wait long,

Better get out, miss.

What will it please your ladyship to see first?

Dimity, sarinet, lawn, or India muslin?

China silk hose, what all the ladies wear now;

Clocks at the ancle.

This too deserves, my lady, your attention,

Where will you see so sweet a callimanco?

None can excel't in Margate, I assure you,

No, nor in London.

May

May I presume your ladyship to tempt now?
 Ne'er did I see so elegant a lutestring!
 Boy put her ladyship's things in the coach—"and
 "Now for my bill, fir."

Three yards of cambric, eight and forty shillings,
 Hose, callimanco, callico, and muslin,
 Just twenty-two pounds, seventeen, and sixpence,
 Right to a farthing.

Not far from the draper's a milliner dwelt,
 For whom I a *tendre* had frequently felt;
 She sits in the window inviting the eye,
 And costing each indiscreet gazer a sigh;
 And whether she's darning, or hemming, or stitching,
 Her glances and actions are truly bewitching
 "I went from the draper's to chat with my fair one,
 Whose smiles, e'en in silence, so fully ensnare one;
 Her voice's soft music enraptures the sense,
 One adds to one's order, nor thinks of expence.
 (Like bucks eating pastry, who frequently stuff
 Hot puff after cheese-cake, and rart after puff,
 To dart forth a volley of amorous leerings,
 At a pair of black eyes, and a pair of bob ear-rings.)
 But the Countess's coach, which came driving again,
 Put a stop to my *purse*, and a stop to my *pain*;
 The sequel the dactyls fully explain.
 (I give them verbatim, I can't give them better,
 And with them I likewise shall finish my letter.)

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DACTYLICS.

Jenny, and Caroline, Charlotte, and Isabel,
 An't that the Countess of callico's livery?
 That is her carriage, and in it her ladyship.

Bring out the chair with a cushion so pliable;
 Well I remember the countess's favourite;
 I am the woman for pleasing my customers.

Say, will your ladyship walk in the drawing-room?
 May I, while praising this beautiful tiffany,
 Just recommend you this elegant handkerchief?

What

What does your ladyship think of that taffeta?
This I assure you is excellent dimity.

“*Child.* Dorothy—purchases—dimity—petticoats.
Sweet little innocent! twenty pound seventeen;
Vastly oblig’d madam!

“*Countess.* — — — Give ’em to Benjamin;
Now we’ll go over and look at the library.”

From this letter it appears, that the silly consequence and pompous inanity, too often assumed at watering-places, are finely exposed. Such playful satire creates an innocent laugh, and may tend to cure that species of folly which is of too trivial a nature to attract the more serious attention of the professed reformers of mankind.

The False Friend, a Domestic Story. By Mary Robinson.
In Four Volumes. Longman and Rees.

THAT this production, coming from the prolific pen of Mrs. Robinson, possesses the usual traits of genius and ability cannot be denied. But it is certainly spun out to a tedious length; nor do we admire the nature and tendency of the story.

Indeed we are of opinion that the novels which owe most of their incidents to the falling in love with married folks, cannot be very edifying, and that they leave an indelible taint of depravity on the minds of the rising generation. It is strange, passing strange, that novelists of genius cannot confine themselves within the legitimate limits of probability. They ought, likewise, to be very careful that nothing flows from their pen which may injure the morals of the community.

The Politician's Creed, or Political Extracts, being an Answer to these Questions;—What is the best Form of Government? and what is the best Administration of a Government? By a Lover of Social Order. In Three Volumes. Symonds.

WHAT a long Creed! we were ready to exclaim, when we first took up these three octavo volumes. But upon a closer examination, the ingenious writer we found has taken a large survey of the subject. We are happy to say that the work, though somewhat too diffuse, abounds with instruction and entertainment. An evident attention has been paid to the various topics which are here discussed.

We have, therefore, only to add, that the important subject of government, in all its ramifications, is here treated with good sense and moderation.

Pious Reflections for every Day in the Month. Translated from the French of Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray. A New Edition. To which is added a Sketch of the Life of the Author. Symonds. 1s.

EVERY thing of a devotional nature, from the pen of the author of *Telemachus*, is valuable; and we are much pleased with this little manual. The Biography of Fenelon, though short, is entertaining, and thus pertinently concludes.

“D’Alembert,” who remarks that there is a long dull epitaph on his monument, gives the following: “Underneath this stone FENELON reposes! Traveller, efface not by thy tears this epitaph—that others may read it and weep as well as thee!”

The Spaniards in Peru; or the Death of Rolla. A Tragedy, in Five Acts. By Augustus Von Kotzebue. The original of the Play performing at the Theatre Royal Drury-Lane, under the Title of Pizarro. Translated from the German, by Anne Plumptre. Second edition. 2s. 6d. Symonds.

Rolla; or the Peruvian Hero. Translated by M. G. Lewis, Esq. M. P. 2s. 6d. Bell.

Pizarro; or the Death of Rolla. Translated by Thomas Dutton, A. M. Author of the Literary Census. 2s. 6d. West.

WHAT! translator upon translator—surely the soul of Kotzebue will, by degrees, be thoroughly explored.

With regard to these several translations—their respective merits may be characterised in a few words.—That by Miss Plumptre is executed with ability; that by Mr. Lewis is valuable for a spirited brevity; and that by Mr. Dutton is shrewd, but debased by illiberality. His notes reflecting on the trifling inaccuracies of former translators, are abusive, and calculated only to excite disgust. The considerate critic, apprised of the difficulty of the task undertaken in transfusing the ideas of a genius from one language into another, will not decide with severity. Sufficient is done provided the sentiments of the author be preserved, and the spirit of the piece be kept from evaporation. The security of these two essential qualities, whatever other defects are discernible, should entitle a translator from any language to commendation.

Biography for Boys; or, Characteristic Histories calculated to impress the youthful mind with an admiration of virtuous Principles, and a detestation of vicious ones. By Mrs. Pilkington. 2s. Vernor and Hood.

LITTLE Boys and Little Girls ought to be much obliged to Mrs. Pilkington for the pains which she has at various times taken for their improvement. The present production is indeed addressed to boys—but the young of both sexes will be gratified by its perusal.—There is a characteristic appropriateness in the several stories here detailed, which cannot fail of producing a favourable impression where they are read with attention.

The Pleasures of Hope, with other Poems. By Thomas Campbell. Longman and Rees.

ANOTHER young muse attempting the Parnassian heights! if she gains not the summit—yet she sings in no contemptible strains. The delusive pleasures of Hope are pourtrayed with feeling, and the following lines, respecting unhappy Poland, pleased us:

O bloodiest picture in the book of time!
Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, and mercy in her woe!
Dropt from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear;
Clos'd her bright eye, and curb'd her high career.
HOPE, for a season, bade the world farewell;
And FREEDOM shriek'd as KOSCIUSKO fell!

Departed spirits of the mighty dead!
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!

Yet, for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
 And make her arm puissant as your own.
 Oh! once again to FREEDOM's cause return;
 The patriot TELL—the BRUCE of BANNOCKBURN!
 Tyrants! in vain ye trace the wizard ring,
 In vain ye limit mind's unwearied spring.
 What! can ye lull the winged winds asleep,
 Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep?
 No; the wild wave contemns your scepter'd hand,
 It roll'd not back when CANUTE gave command.

Studies from Nature. By M. De St. Pierre. Abridged from the Translation of Henry Hunter, D.D.—Dilly.

THE utility of abridgments cannot be denied, and the celebrated John Wesley, who well understood human nature, employed his time more in making abstracts, than in the production of original works. The greater part of mankind have neither ability to purchase, nor leisure to read voluminous publications. To bring therefore the contents of such works within the sphere of their reach, is an act deserving of our approbation.

We were glad to meet with the present abridgment of this very ingenious and valuable work, which has long attracted the public attention. The reasonings of this author are always plausible and frequently sound. His theory of the tides, deducing them from the melting of the ice at the poles, is highly fanciful—but the main parts of the work are unexceptionable, and it is impossible to read it without a considerable degree of entertainment and instruction. He writes on the subjects of natural history, *con amore*, and we admire the sensibilities of his heart.

The whole work is distributed into *Fourteen* Studies or Sections, in each of which are brought forward the

finest speculations on the wisdom and grandeur of the creation. A warm admirer of nature, *St. Pierre* bows at her shrine with fervent reverence, and induces his readers to join with him in his adorations. Atheism is his abhorrence, and, indeed, no one but the FOOL says—THERE IS NO GOD. The *second* Study—On the *Beneficence of Nature*, shall be introduced—it is a fair specimen of the whole.

STUDY THE SECOND.

BENEFICENCE OF NATURE.

“Most men, in policed nations, look on nature with indifference. They are in the midst of her works, and admire only human grandeur. What charm can render the history of man so interesting? it has to boast of vain objects of glory alone, of uncertain opinions, of bloody victories, or, at most, of useless labours. If nature, sometimes, finds a place in it, we are called upon to observe only the ravages she has committed, and to hear her charged with a thousand calamities, which may be all traced up to our own imprudence.

“With what unremitting attention, on the contrary, is this common mother providing for us the means of happiness! She has diffused her benefits from pole to pole, in the view of engaging us to unite in a mutual communication of them. She recalls us from the prejudices which unhappily separate mankind, to the universal laws of justice and humanity, by frequently putting our ills in the hands of the so highly vaunted conquerors, and our pleasures in those of the oppressed, whom we hardly deign to favour with our pity.

“When the princes of Europe issued forth, with the Gospels in their hand, to ravage Asia, they brought back with them the pestilence, the leprosy, and small-pox; but nature pointed out to a dervise the coffee plant, and produced our plagues from our Croisades, and our delicious beverage from the cup of a Mahometan monk. The successors of these princes subjugated the American continent, and transmitted to us a succession of wars and venereal diseases. While they were exterminating its inoffensive inhabitants, a Caraib, in token of peace, set the sailors a smoking his calumet; the

perfume of tobacco dissipated their chagrin, and the use of it is disseminated over the universe.

“ To whom are we indebted for the use of sugar, of chocolate, of so many agreeable means of subsistence, and so many salutary medicines? To naked Indians, to poor peasants, to wretched negroes. The spade of slaves has done more good, than the sword of conquerors has done mischief. But in which of our great squares are we to look for the statues of our obscure benefactors? Our histories have not vouchsafed to name them.

“ Where is now the time, when our forefathers wandered up and down, living on the precarious supplies of hunting, and not daring to trust to nature? Her simplest phenomena filled them with terror, and they trembled at sight of an eclipse. I will suppose, that a philosopher, such as Newton, were then to have treated them with the spectacle of some of our natural sciences, and shewn them, with the microscope, forests in moss, mountains in grains of sand, thousands of animals in drops of water; that afterwards, discovering to them, in the heavens, a progression of greatness equally infinite, he had shewn them, in the planets, hardly perceptible to the naked eye, worlds much greater than ours, Saturn, three hundred millions of leagues distant; in the fixed stars, infinitely more remote, suns which probably illuminate other worlds; in the whiteness of the milky way, stars, that is suns, innumerable, scattered about in the heavens, as grains of dust on the earth, without man’s knowing whether all this may not be more than the threshold of Creation merely; with what transports would they have viewed a spectacle which we, at this day, behold without emotion?

“ But I would rather suppose, that, unprovided with the magic of science, a man like Fenelon had presented himself to them, in all the majesty of virtue, and thus addressed the Druids: “ You frighten yourselves, my friends, with the groundless terrors which you instil into the people. God is righteous. He conveys to the wicked terrible apprehensions, which recoil on those who communicate them. But He speaks to all men in the blessings which He bestows. Your religion would govern men by fear; mine draws them with cords of love, and imitates his sun in the firmament, whom he causes to shine on the evil and on the good.” After this, that he
had

had distributed among them the simple presents of nature, till then unknown, sheaves of corn, slips of the vine, sheep clothed with the woolly fleece: Oh! what would have been the gratitude of our grandfathers! They would, perhaps, have fled with terror from the inventor of the telescope, mistaking him for a spirit; but undoubtedly, they would have fallen down, and worshipped the author of Telemachus.

“ These are only the smallest part of the blessings for which their opulent descendants stand indebted to Nature. An infinite number of arts are employed at home, to diffuse knowledge and delight; and there is not a spot of the earth, or sea, but what furnishes them with some article of enjoyment.— Even the sands of Africa, where they have no game-keeper, send them in clouds, quails, and other birds of passage, which cross the sea in spring, to load their table in autumn; and the northern pole, where they have no cruiser, pours on their shores, every summer, legions of mackarel, fresh cod, and turbot, fattened in the long nights of winter.

“ Not only the fowls and the fishes change for them their climate, but the very trees themselves. They have no longer occasion for suns: they can dispose of latitudes. They can convey, in their hot-houses, the heats of Syria to exotic plants, at the very season their hinds are perishing with the cold of the Alps, in their hovels. Not only every thing that actually exists, but ages past, all contribute to their felicity.

“ The sublime geniuses, of all ages and countries, celebrating, without concert, the undecaying lustre of virtue, and the providence of Heaven, in the punishment of vice, add the authority of their reason to the universal instinct of mankind, and multiply, in their favour, the hopes of another life, of longer duration, and more exalted felicity. But it is from the very lap of plenteousness and pleasure, that the voice of murmuring against Providence now arises. From libraries, stored with so many sources of knowledge, issue forth the black clouds which have obscured the hopes and virtues of Europe.”

The Captive of Spilberg, in Two Acts, as performed at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, altered from the favourite French Drama, called Le Souterrain, with a Preface, by the Translator. The Music by Duffek. 1s. 6d. Stage.

OF this piece we gave an account in our Dramatic Register, at the time of its introduction upon our stage, and, therefore, shall only add that its perusal affords entertainment.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Lines addressed by a Gentleman to his Sister on her Return Home—Verses wrote in a Summer's Evening—Ode to Fancy, and a Song by J. J.—An Ode to the Rose, and Sonnet to Mirth, by Civis, and Retirement, by Orlando, shall be inserted. Despondency, to Harriot, cannot find a place, because it is too severe a satire on the strains of love-sick poetry. The poor unhappy lover deserves not our censure, and is entitled to our compassion. Sincerity, by J. C. is admissible; but we are sorry to say that Remarks on the Practice of committing the Care of Infants to Servants, do not suit the nature of our MISCELLANY.—For the Lady's Magazine the piece will form a suitable communication, whither we would recommend the ingenious author to send it. We had not forgotten W. M. and shall be glad to hear from him on future occasions.

We cannot conclude this *Seventh* Volume, without thanking A. K. for her *School for Parents*, which closes with this Number, and from the perusal of which the Reader must experience both entertainment and instruction. Tales of so virtuous a tendency cannot fail to prove useful to the rising generation. Such pieces, indeed, always prove an acceptable contribution to our Miscellany.

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